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ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IX. JUNE 1, 1820. No. LIV.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

We have to express our obligations to the writer of the article on Spanish Literature: a continuance of his favours will much contribute to the leading objects of our Miscellany.

We lament that we are under the necessity of refusing the liberal offer of A. Q.

We have been under the necessity of postponing the continuation of the Adventures of a Would-be Author.

Charles H. *shall appear in our next.*

The lines of Maria *and* T. D. C. *are inadmissible, from their subject: we never insert personalities.*

D. W——r *will find in our next, that he is not forgotten.*

Antiquarius *seems to have forgotten us.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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Vol. IX. June 1, 1820. No. LIV.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 250.)

PLATE 31.—A GARDEN-SEAT.

This design is adapted to a flower-garden, or such parts of a plantation as are much decorated; it is a low sheltered seat, in which proportion and embellishment have been studied, for the purpose of introducing more valuable materials and workmanship than are usually applied to similar works. The pillars are intended to be of bronze; marble would be introduced, and sculptured to form the back, and also for the pedestals and plinths. The covering, composed of reeds, would be rendered water-proof by a suitable composition-cement. The underside, forming an arched ceiling, might be ornamented by small enriched compartments and central flowers, delicately coloured, and relieved in gold; and several portions of the other ornamental decorations are intended to be lightly gilded also.

The vases at the extremities would be of marble, and contrived to receive pots of flowers, from the centre of which, a copper rod is placed to support a valuable climbing plant, that would realize the effect represented in the design.

It is presumed, that this seat would be particularly rich and novel so executed; but if merely in the usual manner, it is evident, that it must be very pleasing, and afford an efficient shelter from sun and rain.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. Adviser,

I do not apply to you either for advice or assistance; I am actuated by a desire of affording myself the only comfort I have left, that of complaining of my fate; a fate which is not the less severe for being the fruit of my own mistaken judgment. While I was yet very young, I formed an opinion, that men of distinguished talents generally make arbitrary or negligent husbands. My own family, unfortunately, furnished proofs that this opinion, illiberal as it may be in general, is not always unfounded: my father was a philosopher, and my uncle a wit. The first was so wrapt up in speculations for the general good, that he had no time to attend to his own family; my poor mother, the mildest and most affectionate of beings, died, I really believe, of a broken heart, in consequence of the apathy with which he treated her and her children.

My uncle's disposition was different; he was a man of strong feelings, and of a naturally kind temper; but yet he made every one around him miserable. The delicacy of his taste, and the brilliancy of his imagination, rendered common life insupportable to him; and he was incessantly offended or disgusted by things which the generality of people would not have noticed. An ill-turned phrase, a commonplace remark, or a coarse idea, expressed by any one with whom he associated, never failed to put him out of humour. The consequence was, that his presence operated as a perpetual restraint upon his family.

I believe that the misery which I saw my mother and my aunt endure, was the first cause of my prejudice against men of talents; this prejudice strengthened as I increased in years, and I determined, that if ever I married, my husband should be at least upon a level with myself in point of understanding; or at all events, that the superiority, if there were any, should not be on his side.

As I was rich, and not disagreeable in my person, you may be sure I did not want admirers; among them was Mr. Medium, a gentleman whom I can only describe by saying, that he seemed to have no marked qualities, but he contrived nevertheless to be well spoken of by every body. All his acquaintance declared, that he was a good fellow, an honest fellow, the best sort of fellow in the world. I saw enough to convince me that he had no shining qualities, such as I dreaded to meet with in a husband, and I persuaded myself, that a person of whom every body spoke well, must be pleasant and easy to live with; in short, I married him, with the expectation that my future life, though it might be untinctured with the vivid colouring of romance, would at least be free from disap-

pointment or vexation. You shall judge, Mr. Adviser, how far these expectations have been fulfilled.

We had not been long married, when I found the tastes and pursuits of my husband were perfectly opposite to mine; and he looked upon it as a matter of course, that I must conform my will to his. My favourite amusements are of a domestic kind; I love reading, drawing, and music. I am fond of diversifying my employments as much as I can, and do not like to be long confined to any one thing. Mr. Medium, on the contrary, has such a passion for uniformity, that we move like clockwork: every morning by nine we sit down to breakfast, which is no sooner despatched than he proceeds to examine the contents of the different morning papers, all which he reads aloud, and I am compelled to attend to him till they are concluded. This is in itself a severe penance to me, for I have not the least relish for politics; but it is perhaps only the beginning of my mortification for the day, as, if no morning visitors arrive, I am obliged to sit down with him to cards, draughts, or chess, and if he gets tired of play, I must read to him till dinner-time. A pamphlet, a new play, or perhaps a treatise on some of the fashionable games, are the only works he will attend to; if I attempt to introduce any thing else, he hears me with evident weariness, or tells me to lay aside the book, and we will chat.

If, Mr. Adviser, you can conceive what it is for a person of lively imagination to be forced into conversation with a man who has absolutely no ideas, you may form some notion of the *ennui* which I suffer on these occasions. Suffice it to say, that I am compelled to yawn away the time till dinner, after which, if we have company, there is always cards; if we have not, I must play at some of his favourite games, or sometimes, perhaps, by way of variety, amuse him with a few common tunes on the piano, or else *chat*, as he calls it, till bed-time.

From the general report of Mr. Medium's good-nature, I expected to have found him heartily disposed to assist me in dispensing worthily the overplus of our wealth; but in this respect also I have been deceived: he declares, in the most peremptory manner, that no person in health need be poor if they will work; and as to those whom sickness or age incapacitates from getting their living, the parish, he says, provides very handsomely for them: he considers, therefore, that he does all that humanity requires, when he pays the poor-rates; and he has taken up so strongly the opinion, that assisting distress is only encouraging idleness, that I am forced to conceal a benevolent action as carefully from him as I should a criminal one.

From the unvarying good-humour with which he always behaved before marriage, I was in hopes, that when he was once convinced that I could not be happy his way, he would suffer me to be so my own; but I soon found that people of common minds can be quite as despotic as those of superior talents. Mr. Medium could not conceive how any body could be dissatisfied with a quiet, regular, comfortable life like ours. As to cultivating my talents, that was all nonsense;

there was no occasion for it, I was not to live by them. The idea of benefiting others was romantic and absurd; I need only study my own amusement, and he was sure I might find that in playing, chatting, and visiting.

I have endured this life, or rather this living death, for nearly two years, disappointed in all my expectations, thwarted in all my pursuits, and incessantly regretting, that in the most important particular of my whole life, I was weak enough to be decided by the opinion of others, instead of exercising my own judgment. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MELINDA MEDIUM.

GENEROSITY OF PAUL JONES.

ALL our readers must have heard of this daring naval adventurer, and a few of them are old enough to recollect the alarm and terror which the name of Paul Jones spread along our coast during the war with America. This distinguished person was the son of a small farmer a few miles from Dumfries, and, impelled by that love of enterprise which is so frequently to be met with among the peasantry of Scotland, he seems to have eagerly embarked in the cause of the colonies against the mother country. Whether he was actuated, in any degree, by a sense of the injustice of Britain towards America at the outset of his career, or merely availing himself of the opportunities in which revolutionary warfare so greatly abounds, to rise from his original obscurity, it is now, perhaps, impossible to determine, and unnecessary to inquire. But it will be seen, from the letters we are going to lay before our readers, that in the progress of his adventurous life, he well knew how to employ the language of men inspired with the love of liberty, and that he was honoured by some of its warmest friends in both hemispheres. It is far from our intention to offer any thing in justification of the very conspicuous part he acted against this his native country; yet it is impossible not to admire the gentle and kindly feelings which directed his conduct towards Lady Selkirk, so opposite to the character of a pirate, as he was represented to be, and the very handsome manner in which he repaired the injury, which policy, perhaps, compelled him to inflict. There are probably few instances, especially among adventurers who have risen from the condition in which Paul Jones was originally placed—of more enlarged views—more generous feelings—and a more disinterested conduct, than the following letters exhibit, combined as these are with sentiments of relentless hostility towards the claims of his native country. Such a picture, of which the view is at all times refreshing, ought to be held up to the eyes of those who are now engaged in similar struggles in another quarter of the world. Good policy, in the absence of higher motives, may induce those who direct and regulate the movements of revolutionary warfare, as well as those who are impelled by the storm, to atone,

in some measure, by acts of forbearance and generosity, for the injuries to which the helpless and the innocent are peculiarly exposed in the infuriate contests between a people and their rulers.

In the progress of the revolutionary war, Paul Jones obtained the command of a squadron, with which, in 1778, he undertook to annoy the coasts of Great Britain. On the 2d of December, 1777, he arrived at Nantes, and in January he repaired to Paris, with the view of making arrangements with the American ministers and the French government. In February he conveyed some American vessels to the bay of Quiberon, and on his return to Brest, communicated his plan to Admiral D'Aruilliers, who afforded him every means of forwarding it. He accordingly left Brest, and sailed through the Bristol channel, without giving any alarm. Early in the morning of the 23d of April, he made an attack on the harbour of Whitehaven, in which there were about four hundred sail. He succeeded in setting fire to several vessels, but was not able to effect any thing decisive before daylight, when he was obliged to retire.

The next exploit, which took place on the same day, was the plunder of Lord Selkirk's house in St. Mary's Isle, near the town of Kirkcudbright. The particulars of this event, and of the action which succeeded, as well as the motives upon which Jones acted, are well given in the following letter, which he addressed to Lady Selkirk, and which has not before been printed:

RANGER, BREST, 8th May, 1778.

MADAM,—It cannot be too much lamented, that in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feeling, and of real sensibility, should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command which his heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe, when he finds himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such action by his authority.

This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his king, and esteeming, as I do, his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war. It was, perhaps, fortunate for you, madam, that he was from home, for it was my intention to have taken him on board the Ranger, and to have detained him, until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe as in America, had been effected.

When I was informed by some men whom I met at landing, that his lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers who were with me, could not forbear expressing their discontent, observing, that in America no delicacy was shewn by the English, who took away all sorts of moveable property, setting fire not only to towns and to the houses of the rich without distinction, but not even sparing the

wretched hamlets and milch-cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. That party had been with me as volunteers the same morning at Whitehaven; some complaisance, therefore, was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them, and, at the same time, do your ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt any thing about it; to treat you, madam, with the utmost respect; to accept of the plate which was offered; and to come away without making a search, or demanding any thing else. I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed, that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men, and when the plate is sold I shall become the purchaser, and will *gratify my own feelings*, by restoring it to you by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

Had the earl been on board the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement, both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back at such scenes of horror, and cannot but execrate the vile promoters of this detested war:

> For *they*, 'twas *they*, unsheathed the ruthless blade,
> And Heaven shall ask the havock it has made.

The British ship of war Drake, mounting 20 guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men, besides a number of volunteers, came out from Carrickfergus, in order to attack and take the Continental ship of war Ranger of 18 guns, and short of her complement of officers and men; the ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side for an hour and five minutes, when the gallant commander of the Drake fell, and victory declared in favour of the Ranger. His amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides near forty of the inferior officers and crew killed and wounded.

A melancholy demonstration of the uncertainty of human prospects—I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honours due to the memory of the brave.

Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms merely as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife nor family, and having lived long enough to know, that riches cannot ensure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart, and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began, I had, at an early time of life, withdrawn from the sea-service, in favour of "calm contemplation and poetic ease." I have sacrificed, not only my favourite scheme of life, *but the softer affections of the heart*, and my prospects of domestic happiness; and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that for-

feiture would restore peace and good-will among mankind.

As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot, in that respect, but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, madam, to use your soft persuasive arts with your husband, to endeavour to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain never can succeed. Heaven can never countermand the barbarous and unmanly practices of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated in Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fail in this (for I am persuaded you will attempt it—and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavours to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity, which will afford you golden feelings on a deathbed.

I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair! I acknowledge their power, and bend before it with profound submission! Let not therefore the amiable Countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy; I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do any thing consistent with my duty to merit it.

The honour of a line from your hand, in answer to this, will lay me under a very singular obligation; and if I can render you any acceptable service in France, or elsewhere, I hope you see into my character so far, as to command me without the least grain of reserve. I wish to know exactly the behaviour of my people, as I determine to punish them if they have exceeded their liberty.

I have the honour to be, with much esteem, and with profound respect, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

(Signed,) PAUL JONES.

To the Right Hon. the Countess of SELKIRK, St. Mary's Isle, Scotland.

VICISSITUDES.

THE heroine of our tale was reckoned many years ago the prettiest and most elegant girl in the town of N——, in which she resided; every one allowed that she was the *belle* both of it and the neighbourhood, and as good as she was pretty. But though Nature had been thus lavish, Fortune was a niggard to Sophia: her father died while she was yet a child, and the small property he left, was barely sufficient to support her mother and herself in a respectable style. Mrs. Davenant, the mother of Sophia, though in other respects an excellent woman, was not free from the vanity of wishing to appear in a manner above her circumstances; and as her daughter grew up, admired by every body, she often sighed at the thought, that so fair a flower would perhaps be blighted by the chilling hand of poverty.

Mr. Neville, the next door neighbour of Mrs. Davenant, had a son three years older than Sophia; he was a fine spirited boy, who had only one great fault, that was, a violence of temper, which could neither be subdued by rewards nor punishments: one means alone

could curb it—the threat that he should not be suffered to see Sophia; this terrible denunciation never failed to bring him to reason and submission. Sophia, on her part, had no greater joy than the company of Edward; he was at once her champion, her playfellow, and her instructor; and, in her opinion at least, he was certainly the very best boy in the world.

Though the parents on both sides observed the childish attachment, it never struck them that it might ripen into a serious passion, and the young people continued to associate till Edward had attained his seventeenth, and Sophia her fourteenth year. At that period, a brother of Mr. Neville's, a merchant in Germany, sent for his nephew, whom he intended to bring up to his own profession; and the grief which both the young people discovered on parting, convinced the parents on both sides, that it was time they should be separated.

Though an extremely fond parent, Mrs. Davenant was nevertheless a very strict one: Sophia was brought up to passive obedience; her mother's will was her law, but it had always been her pleasure to obey it, till the arrival in N—— of Mr. Compton. This gentleman, who was young, rich, and handsome, was caught at the first sight by the charms of Sophia, who had then just attained her seventeenth year. He proposed for her immediately, and Mrs. Davenant, dazzled by the splendour of his offers, made no scruple of promising him the hand of her lovely daughter.

Sophia, for the first time in her life, found courage to resist her mother's will. She dared not urge her partiality for Edward; in fact, she scarcely dared to whisper it to her own heart; but she modestly, though firmly, refused her consent, on the ground that Mr. Compton's principles and habits did not promise much domestic happiness.

The objection was too just to be refuted, and Mrs. Davenant, who was in reality a conscientious woman, would have probably allowed it its full weight, had not a sister of the deceased Mr. Davenant, to whom his widow and daughter had never before been indebted for any thing, generously bestowed upon them on this occasion--her advice. She ridiculed Sophia's Methodistical notions, extenuated Compton's prodigal excesses till they appeared mere venial faults, and, in short, worked so successfully upon the mind of Mrs. Davenant, that she positively commanded her daughter to receive his addresses.

Sophia thought she had still one resource in an appeal to Compton himself; but she did not know the person she had to deal with. While faltering, and almost sinking with confusion, she besought him to resign his claim to her hand, because it must be unaccompanied by her heart, he thought that he had never seen her look so lovely; and he replied to her pathetic appeal, only by an assurance that nothing on earth would induce him to resign the hope of calling her his. Sophia's heart swelled almost to bursting, but she did not trust herself to reply, for she considered her mother as the arbiter of her destiny, and she accompanied Compton to the altar with a resolution to fulfil her duty, and perhaps a se-

cret hope that the anguish she then felt would speedily remove her from ties which she abhorred.

All that wealth and fondness could lavish upon a beloved object, Compton bestowed upon his young and lovely bride; her dresses, diamonds, house, and equipage, were the wonder and envy of all the *belles* of N——. Compton seemed to live but in her sight; and Sophia, whose heart was equally sensible and feeling, tried to forget the selfish perseverance with which he had sought her hand, and to teach duty to wear the mask of affection.

Shortly after her marriage, they removed to London; and, contrary to her hopes and expectations, without any invitation to her mother to accompany them. By degrees, the profligacy of her husband's character became, in spite of her endeavours to conceal it from herself, visible to Mrs. Compton; while her person pleased him, he threw the veil of decency over his depraved habits, but the sentiment which he called love, though it merited a much coarser title, lasted only a few months, and with it vanished all consideration for the happiness, or even the peace, of his wife. He dissipated his fortune, openly, in every species of prodigal extravagance, neglected Mrs. Compton for the lowest courtesans, and in little more than five years after his marriage, the property to which poor Sophia had been sacrificed, was entirely destroyed.

An execution was put into his house, every thing was seized, and Sophia was obliged to remove to a shabby lodging. "Thank God," said she mentally, "my dear mother did not live to witness this!" and forgetting her own distress, she thought only of the means to afford consolation to her unfortunate husband, whose heart, hard as it was, melted at the angelic sweetness with which she endeavoured to soften the misfortunes which he had brought upon them both. She needed not indeed the contrast which the behaviour of those he called his friends, afforded to shew her virtues in the strongest light; they were unanimous in their neglect of him: but his creditors, touched by the exemplary conduct of Mrs. Compton, and moved by her supplications in his behalf, gave up a small part of their demands, and the few hundreds which their bounty left, were all that remained of his once splendid fortune.

We were then at war with America, and Compton determined to expend this sum in the purchase of a lieutenant's commission. Mrs. Bruce, the lady who had persuaded Sophia's mother into the match, offered her a temporary asylum; but she refused to accept it: she was determined, she said, to accompany Compton abroad. Her aunt took no trouble to combat a resolution which ridded her of a burthen: she descanted indeed largely upon her folly, obstinacy, and romance, in persisting to follow a man whom she had never loved, and who always behaved ill to her; but she took no blame to herself for having forced her to unite her fate with his; she felt not the magnanimity which thus induced her to brave every peril and every hardship in the performance of her duty.

Almost on their landing, Compton was ordered into action: his heroic partner, forgetting the delicacy of her sex and habits, followed him to the field, and hovered round it till she saw him return in safety; a second and a third time he returned unhurt; but after the fourth engagement, he was missing. Unaided, save by him who fortified her gentle and feminine spirit, Sophia explored the field of battle for some time, in a fruitless search after him. While she was thus engaged, she heard a low moan, and turning her eyes to see from whence it proceeded, she beheld with horror one of those wretched women who follow the camp, and who visit the field to strip the unfortunate deceased, stand with a knife in her hand, and an expression of savage ferocity in her countenance, over the body of a man who was almost covered with blood.

Sophia darted forward with the quickness of lightning; she reached the fury at the very moment in which she had raised her hand to strike her destined prey. "Hold, I conjure you!" exclaimed Sophia, seizing her extended arm; "add not murder to theft!"

A conflict of passions the most diabolical was for a moment visible in the face of the virago; she muttered an execration between her teeth, and Sophia's life would probably have paid the forfeit of her noble daring, had not some British soldiers at that moment appeared in sight. The monster in female shape turned hastily away, and the men approached Mrs. Compton, who, stooping to try if the unfortunate sufferer yet breathed, recognised the features of her husband.

Horror-struck as she was, her fortitude did not forsake her; she tore a part of her dress to bandage his wound, and with the assistance of the soldiers, had him removed to the British camp, where his wound was dressed, and pronounced not mortal. Sophia attended him with unremitting assiduity, but his recovery was long doubtful, and his behaviour added to the misery which poverty, anxiety, and fatigue, occasioned his unhappy wife.

But though the path of duty was thus painfully strewed with thorns, Sophia trod it unshrinkingly; no murmur betrayed what she suffered; no word, or even glance, reproached her ungrateful and unfeeling husband: but his conduct preyed upon her mind, her strength gave way to fatigue and sorrow, and Compton was scarcely pronounced convalescent, when she was seized with a nervous fever.

Her disorder was at its height, and little hope entertained of her recovery, when Compton fell mortally wounded in an engagement with the Americans. By this event Sophia was left wholly destitute, but Providence did not forsake her: her nurse was the widow of a soldier who had been killed in the engagement in which Compton received his first wound; the poor woman was at that period near becoming a mother, and the shock which her husband's death gave her, threw her into premature labour. Overwhelmed as Mrs. Compton was with her own sufferings, she had a heart to feel for those of the poor widow, whom she soothed and relieved as far as she could. The gratitude of this woman was unbounded, and when Sophia took

to her bed, she placed herself by the side of it, and avowed a determination to remain with her benefactress to the last.

In twelve hours after the death of her husband, Mrs. Compton's disorder took a favourable turn; her faithful nurse applied to the officers of the corps to which Compton had belonged, and they raised a sum by subscription, which proved sufficient to defray her expenses during her illness, and to pay her passage to England.

As soon as she was able to bear the voyage, she set out with a heavy heart upon her return to her native country, where, alas! no comfortable home, no kind friends, awaited her arrival. The state of her finances rendered it impossible for her to make her faithful servant the companion of her voyage, or even to reward in any degree her zeal and attachment; the poor woman parted from her with many tears, and Sophia had need of all her fortitude to repress the pangs she felt when she bade her farewell.

On her arrival in London, she took an obscure lodging, and wrote immediately to her aunt Bruce, with whom she hoped to find, at least for a short time, an asylum. An answer soon came—a cold, cruel answer. "You have thought proper," wrote this humane relation, "to shew yourself wholly regardless of my advice and opinion; I cannot after that think of receiving you into my family. As the widow of an officer, you will receive a small pittance from government, and until you can determine upon some plan for the future, you may no doubt find a temporary home with some of your former acquaintance. You might have found a permanent and happy one with me, had you not preferred the indulgence of your own romantic whim to my advice."

The hectic of a moment crossed the cheek of Sophia as she read this insulting letter, and remembered that it was in compliance with the advice of its unfeeling writer, that her mother had sacrificed her. But resentment was a guest which never dwelt long in her bosom; she raised her heart to him who had been her friend and protector under circumstances the most painful and trying, and she trusted that his mercy would afford her the means of subsistence.

She had been fond of drawing in her girlish days; she possessed considerable taste for the art, and after her marriage it had often been a solace to her cares. In pondering on the means to raise a small supply of money, it struck her that she might dispose of a few drawings; and she accordingly sketched a few landscapes from memory: they were principally scenes near her native town. One of them, with which she had taken the most pains, represented a rustic hamlet; in a road approaching to it were three figures: an old man, whose dress denoted extreme poverty, was leaning on the arm of a youth, who seemed to regard him with an air of interest and compassion: a girl, who appeared about twelve or thirteen, was approaching them from the hamlet; she held a little basket, in which were some bread and cherries, in one hand; the other was extended to the old man and his young companion.

Sophia took this drawing, and two or three rustic views, to a shop in the neighbourhood; the master of it was not at home, but the shopman said, he had very little doubt they would be approved, and desired her to call the next day. Soon after she was gone, a gentleman entered to purchase something; he hastily snatched up the drawing we have described, and inquired the name of the artist: the shopman replied he did not know it, but he could perhaps learn it the next day, from the lady who had left them for sale. The gentleman was very inquisitive about the person of the lady, and the time at which the shopman expected her; at last, after he had tired the man with questions, he went away.

The following morning it snowed fast, but the finances of poor Sophia would not allow her to wait a change in the weather, and though little able to brave its severity, she hastened to learn the fate of her drawings. But the first object which she beheld on entering the shop, left her no power to inquire concerning them; for the features of Edward Neville, those features which neither time nor change could efface from her memory, met her view. A sight so unexpected, so unhoped for, nearly overcame her, and had he not rushed forward to support her, she would have fallen.

Need we say, that the joy of the recognition was mutual? Edward's boyish attachment had been proof to time; his young heart was too devoted to Sophia to make another choice. He was ignorant of the ruin which Compton had brought upon her, till after their departure for America; nor had he since been able to learn any particulars of her situation, till the sight of her drawing, which represented a scene he well remembered, led to their meeting.

About a year before he quitted N——, Sophia was despatched one morning by her mother to visit a poor sick woman in the hamlet. On her return, Edward joined her, and as they were walking home together, they met a poor old man, who seemed sinking with fatigue and weakness. He was going to the hamlet, but appeared scarcely able to walk.

"Take hold of my arm," said Edward; "don't spare it, I am very strong;" at the same time he slipped a shilling into his hand. Sophia's slender purse had been emptied in her charitable visit, but when she heard the poor old man declare that he was sinking for want of food, she ran back to Dame Miller, the poor woman whom she had relieved, to try and get him some. Edward well remembered with what pleasure she presented him the bread and cherries. He was certain at the moment he saw the drawing, that it was the work of Sophia, but his heart was torn at finding her reduced to owe a precarious and scanty subsistence to her talents. Only hearts fond and faithful as his own can conceive the transport he felt when he saw her once more free, and read in her expressive countenance, that he was still as dear to her as ever.

From that moment her trials were at an end; she soon becam the wife of Edward, and her second marriage proved as happy as

her first had been unfortunate. Mrs. Bruce was mean enough to make overtures of reconciliation, which Sophia did not reject; but as she was too sincere to affect sentiments she did not feel, their intercourse was never cordial. The faithful nurse, to whose assiduous cares Sophia always thought she owed her life, found a happy home beneath her roof. Blest in the affections of her husband, and in a numerous and lovely family, to whom she was the most tender and exemplary of mothers, Sophia lived beloved and respected, in the continual exercise of that benevolence, which had in fact led to the felicity she enjoyed.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

Mr. EDITOR,

THE study of the Spanish language and literature has always been to me a source of amusement; and from the late political events which have happened in the south of Europe, the subject has acquired an additional interest. The glorious struggle of a few independent and high-minded patriots, has achieved a revolution both in the state and in the minds of the people; and I conceived, that a few observations relative to the poetry of a country, whose very existence, excepting in a political point of view, has been nearly forgotten, might not be unacceptable to some of your readers.

It has been remarked by Swift, that "the most accomplished way of using books, is to serve them as some do lords; learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance." This is an accomplishment which I fear is much too general even among that class which has received the polite appellation of *literati*; but if this satire is just with respect to the literature of our own country, how much more true is it with regard to that of Spain! Even by men of education, the names of Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Quevedo, and Calderon, are now only recollected, and their works seldom, if ever, read. Why then have these, the most celebrated poets and prose-writers of which Spain has ever boasted, been so much neglected? Why are their volumes suffered to moulder on the shelves, and to become the undisturbed prey of moths and bookworms? Is it because their poetry does not aspire either to creative power, to sublimity of thought, or variety of imagery, that the names of Estevan de Villegas, the Anacreon of Spain, Louis de Gongora the "Admirable," and rival of Cervantes, Vincente Espinell, and Jaurequi, are suffered to be buried in oblivion? Are we so much attached to the literature of our own country, as to contemplate it as the only theatre of true poetic genius? The contrary is proved by our devotion to the Italian writers; and it may be said with little exaggeration, that the meanest Italian rhymer that ever wrote, has received more notice in this country, than the greatest poet Spain ever produced.

Many circumstances have tended to give the English reader a distaste for Spanish literature. Al-

though the fruit when obtained, has exceeded in richness the expectations of the laborious student, yet the difficulty of acquiring it has induced many to give up the search in despair. The cumbrousness of the volumes to be waded through, the badness of the orthography, and the scarcity of editions, have all had their individual influence: many of the original editions of the best Spanish poets are so incorrect, that no one, who is not intimately acquainted with the language, could pretend to read them. Some who have written upon Spanish literature, have dealt much in invective against the present generation of Spaniards on this account, and have accused it of want of true genius, and of indolence. This opinion has become general, because it has been so frequently maintained; but a little reflection upon the impediments which have been thrown in the way of the Spaniard, will, I think, shew in some degree the fallacy of the assertion. The impediments to which I allude, are chiefly two: The want of liberty of the press, and the pernicious influence of the Spanish Inquisition. Theseare obstructions which are wholly unknown to an Englishman, and he is inclined to attribute to internal mental imbecility that which is actually the effect of external causes. With respect then to the freedom of the press: Before a new work could be printed, it was to be examined at least by three censors; and having escaped this ordeal, it was suffered to make its appearance. The book which is not fortunate enough to escape through their hands, is immediately stamped "*Auctor damnatus*," in large characters on the titlepage; and to such an extent is this power carried, that the greater part of the ancient classics have been thus condemned. There is indeed no termination to this unlimited exercise of censorship; and it is a fact, that the library of the Dominicans, which is one of the best and most extensive in Spain, is exclusively devoted to the productions of these "*Auctori damnati*." It has been justly remarked by a spirited and enthusiastic critic, that "in exact proportion with the liberality of mind and strength of intellect of a writer, was the malice of this fraternity towards him; and every expedient was to be resorted to, to suppress the generous emotions of his heart, and to prevent the contagion of his talents." Thus the human mind was oppressed and degraded, all the noble affections were checked, every thing bold and manly in thought was discouraged; and Spain, which once held the highest rank amongst the polished and enlightened countries of Europe, since the establishment of the Inquisition, has descended into obscurity and humiliation." It is indeed impossible to describe adequately the powerful effect of such an institution as the Inquisition, in palsying and congealing the faculties of the mind. The illustrious historian Mariana, a monk and a Jesuit, was immured in a dungeon for the freedom with which he avowed his opinions. To such a pitch of atrocity had the iniquitous tribunal at last arrived, that if its victims were not sacrificed on the scaffold, or starved in prison, it was

employed in excluding that light, by which its infamy would be exposed, and preserving that darkness, in which it could alone be maintained.

The recollection of these circumstances may perhaps vindicate, in some measure, the Spaniards of the present day, from the aspersions which have so unjustly been thrown out: but while we are canvassing the faults of other nations, may it not be as well to look at home, and to ascertain whether this country has not, as well as France, by its conduct towards Spain, tended, in a great measure, to degrade the Spanish character? It is a trite, but no less true remark, that the frivolous whims and fanciful dictates of fashion, have more effect upon the mind, and enforce their commands with more irresistible sway, than all the precepts and admonitions of prudence or wisdom. May it not then be fairly questioned, whether, with respect to Spanish literature, fashion has not had its influence? It might have been hoped, and expected, that Fashion would have contented herself with arranging the tasty fabric of a lady's head-dress, or the cut of a beau's coat; with deciding the exact hour when it should be genteel for the gay world to feel hungry; with regulating the length of a shoe-string, or any other important article of a similar nature. But the goddess, wishing to exert her authority, has extended her influence over the regions of literature and taste; she has invaded the sacred retreats of Helicon; and in short, the literature of all countries has long been as entirely subject to the laws of fashion as a ball-dress, and will probably continue so to be to the end of time. To prove the truth of this assertion, one out of many instances may be mentioned. When Charles V. filled the Spanish throne, the language was rendered familiar to almost every European court; and at the period of the marriage of Louis XIII. with the daughter of Philip III. it was so fashionable in Paris, that it was thought as disgraceful not to be acquainted with the language, as it is in this metropolis not to know the French dialect. Such indeed was the general taste for Spanish poetry, that many of the French writers borrowed largely from it; and Voltaire himself admits, that "all the tender and generous sentiments of the French productions are to be found in *El Honradòr de su Padre*, or the *Cid* of De Castro." It is a remarkable fact, that the ardour for the study of Italian poetry is now as fashionable in this country, as the Spanish language and literature were in France when Charles V. flourished. It is an unfair because an unjust imputation, that the Spanish writers are devoid of poetic genius; and those who make this assertion, will do more towards proving their own incompetence to judge, than to shew the absence of wit and brilliancy in the authors of Spain.

The language which prevailed in all the south of Europe after the destruction of the Roman empire, was a barbarous mixture of Latin with the different languages of the northern invaders. It was in the fifth century that the savage Goth overran the dominions of Spain, and ignorance and superstition

reigned for three hundred years. In the eighth century, the Saracens invaded Spain, and a revolution was produced in the Spanish government. The arts and sciences of the Arabs introduced a new train of imagery to enliven the fancy of the poet, and from hence may be traced the first dawn of Castilian poetry. The dominion of the Arabs continued for nearly eight hundred years, and the Arabic Muse furnished a long list of poets, whose names are recorded in the *Bibliotheca Hispana* of Don Nicolas Antonio.

The Spaniards boast of their Troubadours as high as the twelfth or thirteenth century, but the Provençal poetry does not seem to have produced any one great or lasting work. The writers of this early period did not appear to have aimed at immortality, but chiefly may be considered as ornamental appendages to the courts: "their genius never appeared to have received that high and powerful impulse, which makes the unrestrained developement of their own powers their ruling passion, and looks to future ages for reward. The pulse of passion might have beaten as high, but the depths and soundings of the human heart were not so well understood a thousand years ago, as at the present time. The face of nature shone as brightly then as it has ever done; but it is the light reflected by true genius on art, which marks out the path before it, and sheds a glory round the Muses' feet, like that which

——"circled Una's angel face,
And made a sunshine in the shady place."

The Marquis of Villena is one of the most distinguished characters in the early history of Spain, both in point of rank and poetic genius. This illustrious nobleman distinguished himself early in poetry and astrology; and so much was he attached to this last science, that he generally passed in those illiterate times for a necromancer. The achievements of his pen are by no means few or contemptible. Besides the translation of Dante, he versified the Æneid; but his most famous production is his work on the *Gaya Sciencia*, which is a complete system of poetry, rhetoric, and oratory. He died in 1434, and his fine library was burnt, under the notion of his knowledge of magic. The Bishop of Cuenca, confessor to the king, who was charged with this commission, is said to have reserved most of the books for himself. The life and writings of this distinguished marquis are the more deserving of notice, as Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was his cotemporary, and as there is a great similarity in their characters and conduct. Both were considered as the fathers of the poetry of their own country, both experienced the fickleness of royal favour, and both equally preferred retirement and study to the noise of a bustling court. The comparison might be drawn farther, and it would form a curious, and not uninteresting, task to the student, to investigate this question more narrowly. The names of both bards have been jointly handed down with veneration by a grateful posterity, and if their verse wanted melody, it was owing to the inaccuracy of measure and imperfection of language at that

time, when the English and Castilians seem more to have courted Mars than Apollo; for while the Castilians were daily encroaching on the Moors, the victorious banners of England were triumphant in Paris, where our Henry VI. was crowned King of France.

If this short notice should meet your approbation, the subject may probably be continued in the next publication. C. P. R.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. VIII.

LA MAISON ST. LAZARE.

Ducit labor ad virtutem.

LIKE my predecessor, the Hermit de la Chaussée d'Antin, with whom I wish I possessed more points of resemblance, I frequently leave the subject of my papers to chance; and this my tutelary deity *pro tempore*, guided me the other day to the fauxbourg St. Denis, and inspired me with the whim of taking my station in la Maison St. Lazare.

The Parisians, amongst whose vices we cannot reckon that of too great curiosity, are, for the most part, pretty well acquainted with the public promenades and the environs of the capital; yet I should not be surprised, if the greater portion of them were ignorant, even by name, of la Maison St. Lazare, originally a convent, but which has latterly been converted into a prison.

When suspicion was equivalent to guilt, at that terrible period when to be accused was to be condemned, a barbarous precaution exiled humanity from the precincts of the prison. Charity could enter only under the auspices of religion. Innocence, which shuddered even at the appearance of guilt, languished alone in these dungeons, without hope or consolation; while the criminal, abandoned to himself, suffered in solitude the bitter pangs of remorse. A trial long expected, and often vainly solicited, if at length obtained, added nothing to the terrible situation of the guilty, and only restored the innocent to their families, after having compelled them to expiate, by a long and painful captivity, crimes which they had never committed. In Portugal, prisoners are often detained for many years previously to being brought to trial; and it not unfrequently happens, that a person condemned to death, awaits for six years the execution of his sentence. Happily, persons under such circumstances are seldom impatient of delay.

More enlightened legislators, wisely considering that no one can be exempted from calumny or misfortune, and adopting the humane axiom, that every man should be considered innocent until he is proved guilty, have abolished the previous application of the torture; and afterwards extending their philanthropy, even to the poor wretches under condemnation, have admitted into their prisons labour and hope, those tutelary

divinities, who alone can mitigate the horrors of the present, by offering to the view of the miserable, resources for the future. On such principles la Maison St. Lazare is founded.

A man whose only employment was to open and shut the outward gate, and who performed this duty with all the phlegm requisite in his situation, having been so civil as to shew me the apartment of the gaoler, I introduced myself to the latter, who was just about to go his rounds. He ordered a servant to shew me the dormitory, which he had visited a minute before. From the profound silence which prevailed in this part of the building, I could scarcely have believed it was inhabited by nearly eight hundred and sixty women, whom vicious habits and strong passions had goaded on to the perpetration of crime, and who were expiating by a confinement proportioned to their misdeeds, the evils of a bad education, or the results of idleness and profligacy.

I found in the gaoler of la Maison St. Lazare, that politeness which is but too often wanting in persons of rank and wealth. This is another proof, that nothing can spoil a naturally good disposition, and that Monsieur Boissel has remained uncontaminated by the atmosphere with which he is surrounded.

Howard has said much in praise of the prisons in Holland. I do not doubt but they may deserve his eulogium; yet I can hardly believe they would bear a comparison with those of Paris, as to the manner in which they are conducted. Whilst observing the good order and cleanliness which prevail in St. Lazare, the industry of those who were working, the mildness of their masters, the gaiety of the manufacturers, and the care which is taken of them, I was often induced to forget I was visiting a prison.

Theft is the most common crime of these unfortunate women, for whom poverty may sometimes plead in excuse; and certainly it was a noble idea to direct the punishment of crime to the benefit of the criminal. These poor beings, whom their misconduct sequesters for a certain time from society, will one day re-enter the world, possessed of the knowledge of some trade they will have been taught, and of the savings they have accumulated. The profit of their work is divided into three equal parts: one belongs to the administration of the prison; another is paid to the individual, and the third is put by until she quits the prison, when she receives the amount in full.

A young peasant girl was condemned to six years' imprisonment: when she entered the house she knew nothing; one of the shawl-embroiderers took a fancy to instruct her; in a short time the scholar surpassed her mistress; she applied closely to her work, took a pleasure in it, deprived herself of the time allowed for recreation, in order to augment her gains, and left the prison at the end of the six years with a little fortune of nine hundred and twenty-three francs, which has enabled her to commence business on her own account in the country, where her good conduct has procured her

universal esteem and encouragement. At least so M. Boissel informed me; who added, moreover, that the poor girl had edified them all by the sincerity of her repentance; and since her departure, had eagerly embraced every opportunity of testifying her gratitude to him, for the indulgence and kindness she had experienced.

The workshops of the manufacturers of shawls, of embroidery, millinery, &c. were all filled with their busy inhabitants as I passed by, and whilst surveying them, I was struck by the beauty of many. We form such a frightful picture of guilt in our own minds, that it is with difficulty we can credit its existence under a lovely countenance. In one of the millinery-shops, I remarked a young woman, whose elegant form and beautiful features received additional lustre from their contrast with the singularity of her dress; her hair was hidden by a cloth cap. As soon as she saw us, she turned hastily away, as if to conceal herself from observation. The delicacy and whiteness of her hands proved her but little accustomed to labour, and I fancied for a moment, that I recognised in her the lovely creature who was acquitted by a jury, of the crime of poisoning her husband some months since; but M. Boissel undeceived me. "The young widow you are speaking of," said he, "escaped from this place some time ago, and it is even reported that she has married again." This information made me shudder involuntarily. I approached a little nearer to the pretty prisoner. Her obstinacy in concealing her face roused my curiosity. The gaoler called her by her name; it was unknown to me, but the moment she turned her head round, I recognised a young creature who had nearly driven over me last winter in the phaeton of Lord K.

At that time, living with the young lord above-mentioned, she was supported by his extravagance; jewels and diamonds shone on her dress, numerous servants waited her orders, and scarcely sufficed to fulfil her capricious whims; a splendid equipage conveyed her through the streets of Paris; crowds collected to gaze on her, and the numerous friends of *milord* contended for the honour of promoting her pleasures. What a change? Too anxious to establish a community of goods between herself and her protector, Mademoiselle Elise (the name by which the gaoler knew her) was condemned to five years' imprisonment; to which she submitted with a resignation bordering on indifference. She was not the only pretty woman I had formerly seen in the gay world of the capital, whom I now met with again here.

Part of the prisoners were amusing themselves in the principal court, with dancing country dances and quadrilles in the highest mirth and gaiety of spirits: a bricklayer, who was at work on the top of the wall, and joining in their songs, suddenly lost his balance, fell down, and dislocated his shoulder. A piercing shriek resounded throughout the prison; dancing and work were alike interrupted; every one hastened to the spot, and endeavoured to be of some use to the poor man: one raised, another supported him; others disputed the

care of conveying him to the infirmary. He was carried into it. The surgeon, whom one of the women had already summoned, replaced his shoulder, and declared, that though not dangerous, the accident would prevent him from using any exertion for some days. Immediately the most alert of the bystanders snatched up the poor man's hat, and hastened to solicit the charity of her companions; and at the end of a quarter of an hour returned to bring the bricklayer the produce of her collection. It amounted to 77 francs 35 cents. Where else would he have met with such sympathy?

Passing through one of the galleries, I observed, in the midst of a crowd of prisoners, an elderly man, who listened to their requests with that kindness and attention which is so highly gratifying to the unhappy. He consoled those whom he was compelled to refuse; undertook to plead the cause of others with the higher powers; and announced to one of them, that she would be set at liberty the ensuing week. "Ah!" exclaimed she, dancing with joy, "I was sure of that; I read it in the cards this morning." This eager desire of discovering the future, forms a principal part of the amusements of the prisoners. They accompanied with their blessings the gentleman who had been speaking to them. At his departure, I saw him frequently put his hand into his pocket, and draw it out again, to the great satisfaction of those who had been imploring his compassion more earnestly than the others: apparently, he did not confine himself to merely giving advice. The gaoler informed me, that this humane being was the inspector general of prisons; and I heard those who had surrounded him, shout, as he left the prison, "*Que Dieu nous le conserve long temps!*"

As we were returning, the notes of a piano-forte struck my ear. I thought I was mistaken, and stopped to listen. The sound of the instrument awakened the most melancholy train of ideas. It evinced in the possessor an education above the common; and yet that education had been unavailing to protect her against the fatality which drags us on to the commission of crimes. Suddenly a clear and sonorous voice resounded through the rooms, mingling its notes with those of the piano: by the weakness of the touch and the power of the voice, I guessed that a mother was accompanying her daughter. I made the observation to M. Boissel, who informed me, I was correct in my supposition: that these unfortunate ladies had been many years in the prison; that, unable to support the loss of their fortune, they had attempted by a bold stratagem to defraud the person into whose possession it had passed; but that their plan having been discovered, they were arrested at the moment of putting it in execution. "Good," I replied; "I recollect the circumstances well; and I also remember, that many persons at the time seemed to regret that justice had been so precipitate."

A moment afterwards, the young performer made her appearance. I would not look at her for fear of afflicting her. Whilst I turned aside, she approached the gaoler,

and in a voice sweet, yet scarcely audible, thanked him for some kindness her mother had received from him the day before. This attention pleased me: filial piety is a virtue which covereth a multitude of sins.

"I am sorry you were not here yesterday," said M. Boissel; "you would have heard the lessons of our worthy pastor M. de V. His pious zeal and indulgent charity have brought many unfortunate young creatures back to the path of virtue, who had been seduced by the attractions of pleasure, or the force of example. Some of them, instructed by his care, are about to receive the sacrament for the first time next Sunday."

I regretted with M. Boissel my having been a day too late, and took my leave of him with many thanks for his obliging attention. Whilst quitting the prison, however, I was a witness of the arrival of one prisoner, and release of another: the tears of the former, the gaiety of the latter; the melancholy of the unfortunate girl who entered, the burlesque consolations of the happier one who was going away, and who affirmed, that the house was so agreeable that it would not be long before she should return; the interest the prisoners seemed to take in their new companion, whom they stunned with questions; the little voluntary contribution of wine, sugar, and snuff, levied upon all for her use; the ridiculous commissions given to their old companion, who, at passing the gate, gaily cried out, "*Au revoir!*" this strange *mélange* of kindness and carelessness, forgetting their own misfortunes in interest for those of another, formed a scene truly original and singularly affecting, which it is scarcely possible for any but an actual spectator to figure to their imagination.

GRETNA GREEN.

SINCE February last, no less than three marriages, performed at the celebrated scene of hymeneal triumph, called Gretna Green, have been made public: the names of the parties, and some other particulars, were given in the newspapers. We now lay before our readers the copy of a letter from a gentleman at present on a tour in Scotland, on the same subject, containing a satisfactory account of the place and its ceremonies, by an eyewitness, with other curious particulars hitherto not made public. We have been promised an article by a gentleman who was married at Gretna Green some years ago, but it has not yet come to hand.

"I promised to give you an account of Gretna Green, and I now take up my pen to perform my engagement.

"T—— and I arrived at Gretna Green the day before yesterday, in a postchaise and humble pair; but it did not prevent some of the inhabitants from coming out to meet us, expecting that we were a party upon a matrimonial expedition. Though they saw that we were both dressed like the male sex, they followed to the inn, per-

haps thinking that T—— (who has a fair complexion, and as yet has only the promise of a beard, the down being given as a security,) was my intended bride, who, for greater convenience, had disguised herself. As we passed through the straggling village, the women, hearing the rattling of wheels, put their heads out of the low doorways, and waited our approach, that they might see who and what we were. This constant excitement and gratification of curiosity must make Gretna Green a very pleasant residence for the female part of the population.

"The inn where we put up was called Gretna Hall, and formerly had been the residence of a private family; but for the last twenty years it has been converted into the principal inn by Lord Hopetoun, to whom it belongs, as well, I believe, as most of the property in this neighbourhood. Sir W. Maxwell of Springkell, however, owns a considerable estate, and has a pretty seat, not far from Gretna. I am told, that under the orders of Lord Hopetoun, great improvements have been made of late years: it must have been bad indeed before, for even now the village appears one of the most poverty-struck places I ever saw, most of the houses being wretchedly built, and many of them falling to decay.

"There are other signs of poverty, such as the number of small pot-houses. I counted several of the lowest description myself as we passed along; and the inhabitants of the parish, which is large I believe, do not much exceed fifteen hundred, men, women, and children. It is said, in an account of the place written by the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Morgan, that there are only twelve female domestic servants in the whole parish; and the income of the most of the independent farmers does not exceed 50*l.* a year: these and the fishermen are the chief inhabitants. When the season for fishing is gone by, these persons are not idle; for it is said, that smuggling is carried on to a considerable extent, and the openness of the coast along Solway Firth much favours such adventurers. There is a sort of free school at Gretna, the master of which receives less than 20*l.* a year, and is employed in his magisterial duties from morning to night, so that it cannot be said that he is overpaid.

"Gretna Green, it is said, takes its name from a hill called Great Know, or Knowl, just behind the place, which rises more than 200 feet above the level of the sea; not far distant from which are the remains of a druidical temple. It is not easy to ascertain its exact shape, but it seems to have been oval; some of the stones forming it are very large, one weighing, as is ascertained from the measurement, more than 20 ton. We did not go to see them, but in different parts of this district are several old ruinous square towers or forts: if they be square, I suppose they were built by the Romans, as the Danes were chiefly on the other side of the island, and usually built their intrenchments of a circular form; at least those I have seen in Devon and Cornwall, where they are numerous, particularly near the coast, are of that shape.

"The church, which is rather a pretty one, though small, was newly built in 1788, and the parsonage repaired at the same time. It would look much better were there a few trees near it, but the greatest scantiness of them all over the parish gives a barrenness to the scene that is very unpromising. Close to Gretna Hall there is a plantation of firs, seen from a considerable distance; and here and there small clumps of young trees have been placed, that will improve the appearance of the place very much in a few years. In the church-yard is a tombstone erected to two brothers, who lived to the great ages of 110 and 111: indeed, if we may believe what is said, the place is famous for the longevity of its inhabitants. In 1791, a woman died aged more than a hundred; and I am told that other persons are now to be found in the parish who have passed a century.

"The inhabitants of the village of Gretna being notoriously addicted to sprits, this fact seems to support Sir John Sinclair's assertions in his somniferous book on longevity.

"I have detained you so long in describing the place, about which people have hitherto said so little, that I fear you will despair of hearing any thing regarding that most interesting topic always coupled with the name of Gretna Green. Here I am afraid I shall disappoint you, as I was able to gather but little upon the subject, and that rather of a vague nature. Several persons have been pointed out to me as the *soi-disant clergymen* employed in marrying runaway lovers; two blacksmiths, a fisherman, and a man who professes no other trade than that of matrimony: they are all in various degrees of practice, but the latter is most frequently employed by persons of consequence; he never performs the ceremony under ten guineas, though some of his rivals do not refuse a much smaller fee. There are a great many matches made here that are not heard of by any persons but the immediate relations of the parties; but it is in vain to make any calculation of their numbers. In the summer the *mock parsons* are in fullest practice; and, unfortunately, a day or two before we arrived, two lovesick pairs had been united. It is complained, I understand, that business in this line has been very slack of late years. There are several forms of certificates of marriage in use among these *reverend gentlemen*, copies of two of which I obtained at the expense of half-a-crown. I subjoin them in their original orthography, for the satisfaction of young feminine curiosity.

"*Certificate*, No. 1.

"I, Alex. M——, hereby do sertify, that John S——, of the parish of Upper Lee, in the county of Bedford, and Frances W——, of the parish of St. John, in the city of London, having declared themselves to be single persons, and of full power and liberty to chuse for themselves whether they would enter into the state of matrimony, did come before me, and were marryed acording to the form of the kirk, as providid by law. Witness my hand, this 15th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, "ALEX. M'——."

"*Certificate*, No. 2.

"This is to certify all persons that may be concarned therein, that Thos. D——, from the parish of ——, in the county of——, and Mary N——, of the parish of ——, in the county of ——, comes before me to be marryed, and were marryed accordingly by the form of the kirk of Scotland, and agreeable to the church of England, the said Thos. D—— and Mary N— haveing duly declared themselves to be single, and of full power and liberty to marry, as by law required. Given under my hand, on the 5th June, 1815,

"JAMES B——."

"This is all I have been able to collect about the place, the persons, or the ceremonies; and, considering I was at Gretna Green only a day, I think you will have no right to complain of a want of industry.

"Yours very sincerely."

THE GENEROUS LOVER:

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Continued from p. 149.)

"HE requests this delay," added the artful Leonisa, "because he has bound himself by a vow, which he dare not break, and which must be accomplished during that time." Halima appeared at first satisfied with this excuse; but suddenly demanded, "What can be the object of this vow? Has he acquainted you with it?"—"Doubtless it is for the recovery of his liberty," replied Leonisa."—"In that case," said Halima, "it is needless: he is free from this moment. All that I possess is at his disposal; let him ransom himself from the cadi instantly, and no longer delay our mutual happiness."

The cadi was still at the mosque, when Richard parted from his beloved, and consulting Mahomet, they agreed to report that they had found the lovely slave inflexible, and that she had declared, that being the destined bride of the sultan, she would never consent to bestow her affections on any man of less rank; and they accordingly, on the cadi's return, assured him, that the haughty Leonisa, proud of her charms, and already imagining herself the favourite sultana of her sovereign, had rejected all the proposals of Marius, and scarcely deigned to listen to them. They advised him therefore, as the only means of obtaining possession of her, to hire a vessel, under the cloak of conducting her in person to the sultan; to pretend, during the voyage, that she was dangerously ill; in a short time to give out that she had expired, and to throw her body into the sea, all which might easily be counterfeited. "Rely upon us," added Mahomet; "we will answer for the success of our plan: the sultan will never think of claiming a slave of whom death has deprived him, and as all the crew will be witnesses of the whole of the transaction, it will be easy to prove the fact of her illness and death to his satisfaction. You will thus get her whom you love beyond all the world into your own

power, and once freed from the sultan's claims, we shall easily be able to devise some means of ensuring her compliance with your wishes." The credulous cadi, blinded by his passion, fell into the snare. He thought the scheme excellent, as it really was, had the slaves been sincere in their professions; but they had their own views widely different from his: their design was to make themselves masters of the vessel, by setting at liberty the Christian slaves by whom it would be rowed, and to massacre their Turkish tyrants. "There is one difficulty, however, against which we have not provided," said the cadi. "Halima will never consent to my going to Constantinople without her: but let her go along with us; at all events we shall find means to get rid of her." He accordingly communicated his intention to his wife that very evening: that he had resolved to present the Christian slave to the sultan in person, in hopes of obtaining the favour of his sovereign by such a mark of attention, and of being rewarded by an elevation to a higher rank in the empire. Halima approved entirely of his determination, believing that he would leave Richard behind; but no sooner did she learn that he, as well as Mahomet, were to attend the cadi in his journey, than she signified her desire to accompany her husband. "With pleasure," replied the cadi; "you know I can refuse you nothing: but you must hold yourself in readiness; we shall depart as soon as possible. I have only a few trifling arrangements to make for the performance of my functions during my absence."

Meanwhile, Azan Bashaw had incessantly importuned the cadi to resign the beautiful slave into his hands. He offered him immense bribes, and had already made him a present of Richard, whom he valued above all his other slaves. He represented to him, that he might comply with his request, without any dread of evil consequences accruing to himself; for what could be more easy than to impose on the sultan by a feigned story of her death? Into matters such as these, little investigation was likely to be made; and even if there were, it would not be difficult for them who possessed the chief authority in the island, to stifle any inquiries that might be set on foot. All these offers and representations of the bashaw only served to augment the passion of the cadi, by raising the object of his attachment in his eyes, and to induce him to hasten his departure; so that urged on the one hand by his own desires, and on the other by the importunity of Azan, and even by his wife, who was forming schemes of her own, he equipped a brigantine in less than twenty days, manning it with Moorish mariners and Christian galley-slaves. In this vessel he embarked the whole of his treasures. Halima did the same, not leaving in Cyprus any thing of value. She even obtained permission from the cadi for her father and mother to accompany her, pretending a great desire in them to visit Constantinople. Halima's real design was to induce Richard and Mahomet to enter into

a plot similar to what they had already concerted without her knowledge, with the object of making themselves masters of the brigantine; but she would not impart this plan to them till after they should all be embarked. She then intended to sail to Sicily, abjure Mahometanism, and marry Richard; arguing to herself, that he whom she imagined to be already the captive to her charms, would never think of refusing her hand and fortune, when the difference of their religion no longer presented any obstacle.

Whilst the brigantine was preparing for sea, Richard had another interview with Leonisa, whom he acquainted with their intended voyage and conspiracy. She in her turn informed him of the resolution Halima had taken to accompany them; and having thus shared each other's confidence, and promised the most inviolable secrecy, they waited in anxious expectation for the eventful period, which they trusted would deliver them from slavery, and restore them to their country and to their friends. The day fixed for their departure arrived. Azan, under pretence of doing honour to the cadi, accompanied him with a guard to the seaside, nor quitted the shore till he was certain that the object of his passion had really left the island in the vessel. The amorous bashaw, despairing of gaining the cadi's consent to deliver Leonisa into his hands, and having received early information of the design of conveying her to Constantinople, had secretly, and at another port, prepared a fast-sailing vessel, manned by fifty of the choicest soldiers of his body guard, and such as he knew to be entirely devoted to him. No sooner had the brigantine set sail, than he despatched a messenger, ordering them to put to sea without delay, to pursue the vessel of the cadi, to attack it, and put to the sword without mercy every soul on board, excepting Leonisa. "I demand no other share of the booty," added he, "but this captive; the rest shall be your own." No further instigation was necessary; animated by the hope of plunder, they hastened to use every exertion to overtake the object of their pursuit, fully resolved to obey the orders of their master, the execution of which would not be very difficult, as the brigantine was but ill armed, the cadi not having the least suspicion of so daring and venturous an attempt being made upon him.

The brigantine had already been two days at sea, which appeared to the anxious cadi as many ages, so anxious was he to carry his schemes into effect. His two slaves represented to him, that it was expedient to save appearances, and that time must be allowed for the feigned sickness of Leonisa, which ought to be prolonged for at least three or four days. This advice was not over-grateful to the cadi: he desired that some plan should be devised capable of more speedy execution, so anxious was he to get rid of his wife, and possess the lovely slave; but the remonstrances and persuasions of Mahomet at last induced him to adhere to his former intention. Halima had already disclosed her schemes to Richard and his friend, and every preparation had been made

to put them in execution as soon as they should have passed Alexandria, and were off the coast of Natolia. The cadi, however, on his side, at length urged them so strongly, that they were obliged, in order to appease him, to promise obedience to his wishes with as little delay as possible. "It is now six days," said he, "since we left Cyprus; all the crew of the brigantine believe that Leonisa is dangerously ill, with little hope of recovery. Surely sufficient precautions have been taken, and I see no obstacle to the immediate fulfilment of our intentions, and the gratification of my passion." He said this so positively, that they could no longer avoid arranging measures for accomplishing his cruel intention the next day, by throwing Halima into the sea, and giving out that she was the dead body of the slave they were conveying to the Grand Seignior. As they quitted the cabin from holding this consultation, they were informed by the captain of the vessel, that a ship was in sight gaining rapidly upon them, and that, according to all appearances, it was a Christian corsair. The alarm of the Moors trembling for their lives or liberty, could only be equalled by the joy of Mahomet and Richard, who trusted that the hour of their deliverance was approaching: they were not, however, wholly without dread of the insolence of the pirates; for these kind of people, bred up to war, and reckless alike of country and religion, pay little regard to any thing beyond their own interest, and are capable of sacrificing all other feelings to their insatiable avarice. Meanwhile the crew had put the vessel in as good a state of defence as possible, at the same time redoubling their exertions at the oars; but the hostile vessel gained upon them so fast, that in less than an hour it came within cannon-shot. Despairing of escape, they furled the sails, laid down their oars, and flew to arms, resolved to die sooner than yield; when the cadi suddenly exclaimed, that the ship was a Turkish one, not an enemy; and commanded that they should immediately hoist a white flag in token of peace, which was done. Whilst this was passing, Mahomet perceived a vessel on the opposite quarter, approaching with every sail set. He pointed it out to the cadi and to the other Moors, who assured him it was a Christian one. Fear and terror again seized them all. The cadi knew not what course to take, for his vessel was, as before stated, almost defenceless, and the Christian ship appeared to be of the first class. He did not, however, wholly despair, for he made no doubt but that the Turkish vessel which they had at first seen, and which was now almost close, had used every exertion only with the object of sooner arriving to his assistance. But he was soon undeceived. Those who were on board the Turkish galley, without paying the least respect to the white flag, or to the Mahometan religion, ran against the brigantine with such a shock, that they had nearly sunk it. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the unfortunate cadi: at this, he instantly perceived, that those who thus attacked him were soldiers from Nicosia, and

guessing their object, gave himself up for lost. All resistance was useless, and if the soldiers had not hastened in search of plunder, not one of the defenders of the brigantine would have escaped alive; but as they were more eager to seize the rich prey before their eyes, than to fulfil their master's directions by the massacre of the cadi and his crew, little blood was shed. They were already actively employed in securing their booty, when the cry of "To arms! to arms! Soldiers, yonder is a Christian vessel," was heard from all quarters.

(To be continued.)

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 32.—VIEW OF ARONA.

This view gives an idea of the southern part of Lake Major, and the works which have been rendered necessary for the road on its banks.

Amongst the castles which rise on several of the hills, that of Arona, originally built above the town, and destroyed during the latter wars of Italy, recalls interesting recollections. In this castle was born, in 1538, St. Charles Borroméo, Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan. This virtuous prelate consecrated his life and riches to the foundation of charitable establishments; he was distinguished by his generous devotedness at the time of the plague which ravaged Milan.

The statue of St. Charles, placed on the summit, is a monument of the gratitude and veneration of his family and the inhabitants of the surrounding country, at whose expense it was elevated in 1697. This colossal statue, which is well executed, is 112 feet high, including the pedestal, which is 46 feet: it is of beaten copper; the head and the hands alone are cast; the interior, which is rendered solid by stone, contains a staircase which leads into the head of the statue. St. Charles appears to be in the act of bestowing his benediction on the inhabitants of his native town, and of a country on which he showered his benefits.

Arona contains some fine buildings, and a spacious port: commerce flourishes here, in consequence of the passage of merchandise from the Mediterranean and Italy towards Germany and Switzerland.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LIV.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
O scatter them abroad!————Dryden.

I continue the favours of the young *Lady of Nineteen*, with an increased impression in favour of her understanding, if the following maxims are her own original thoughts; and of her judgment, if they are selected from others. But whatever their origin may be,

they will be equally useful as rules for the conduct of others.

Whatever dissensions may arise, how much soever your conduct and understanding may justify the part you take in them, suffer the interference of no third person, especially if you suppose their partiality would lead them to decide in your favour.

Do not permit your nearest intimates to disturb your peace at home by oblique insinuations; check their first approaches with severity, or fright them by silence.

Female friendships are but too frequently bars to domestic peace; they are more formed by the communication of mutual errors, than the desire of amending them.

Endeavour to obtain a clear insight into the character of those persons of your sex whose exterior may incline you to wish to be connected with them, before you engage in unlimited confidence.

In making a just estimation of the extreme value and extensive duties the sacred name of friendship demands, you will not too precipitately embark in such an engagement.

The friendships between two very young women early produced in the theatre of the great world, and both equally engaged in all the frivolities of fashion, are usually slightly cemented, and they are as briefly dissolved.

In the choice of a friend, prefer a person less young than yourself: her experience will supply your ignorance, and a single word of seasonable advice screen you from the blame of multitudes.

If your friendship can hold good against the superiority of beauty and talents, that friendship will deserve its name.

Suffer not any, unauthorized by affinity, to be frequently repeating the criticisms of the world on your conduct: on trifling occasions it is seldom corrective, but it never fails to sour the temper.

There are but too many who seek rather to gratify their own malignity, under the cloak of friendship, by the circulation of sarcasm, than to operate your reformation.

Be on your side as little liberal of your counsels as you are patient in receiving them; but if convinced, that to impart your opinion is to save your friend, set complaisance, interest, and policy aside: your impartiality will ensure success.

Unbounded confidences are, in general, better avoided; but if you be intrusted with important secrets, endure every reproach, even the world's censure, rather than reveal them.

Various are the artifices employed for the gratification of curiosity against the young and unguarded, according to their dispositions: the pride of some, the generosity of others, are worked on; and sometimes the desire of convincing the seemingly incredulous, produces the wished effect.

Listen neither to suggestions of pleasure nor interest where the felicity or security of a friend is concerned.

There are favourable moments that active friendship may seize, which present themselves in the

course of almost every one's life, never to be recovered if once lost sight of.

Half the worthy intentions flowing from a good but inexperienced heart, are rendered ineffectual by procrastination, or the interposition of alluring trifles.

Do not say to yourself, I will write to-morrow; I will even supplicate the next week in behalf of a friend; if you can actually and usefully employ the present hour in the same service.

If from your position in life, you are destined to pass it among those who are called fashionable, *bon-ton*, &c. arm yourself with a strong preparation of reason and resolution. Adopt as few as possible of the modish follies this state will expose you to. Endeavour, however, to avoid incurring the epithets of severe, of prude, or of envious, by arrogant censure; by your conduct alone mark your disapprobation.

Let no indirect adulation involve you in any singularity of dress, manners, or opinions: the first who would thus mislead, will be the first to ridicule you in future. It is almost impossible to escape the influence of some prejudices, from the continual adherence to the same society; such have a mutual interest in defending mutual failings: it were therefore safer to be diffusive, perhaps to be less pleased, but certainly less calumniated.

It is more advantageous to live with our superiors or equals, than with those of an inferior class; it being less the interest of such to flatter our foibles.

Let no such expression fall from your lips, as *low company*, *nobody*, because your rank in life may separate you in general from society of lower degree, but perhaps possessing superior merit to that you are connected with.

Be extremely cautious in the choice of those who are to be your attendants. Let none in your service be permitted a levity or licentiousness of behaviour, however insinuating in speech.

Shut your ears against every prejudice which the long services of persons about you may encourage them to attempt inspiring you with.

Do not suffer your partiality to one domestic to occasion a harsh treatment of the rest: we daily experience, that the want of education among those even in our own sphere, is productive of numberless errors.

It will of course be our own fault, if we delegate too much power to such as have not judgment to use it.

F—— T——.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Three pleasing and brilliant Rondos for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to the English Ladies, by Francis Lauska. Op. 44. Pr. 5s. (Boosey & Co. Holles-street.)

EXPERIENCE has taught us to lower our anticipations in proportion to the promises held out by a musical title-page. But here we were agreeably surprised to meet with an instance, which not only forms an exception to the rule, but would admit of a title far more encomiastic.

These rondos are really excellent; they are quite delightful. One of their prominent features of attraction is, the luxuriant flow of fine melody which prevails in every one of them; melody so chaste, so replete with fine feeling, so delicately imagined, so natural, that the oftener we hear it, the more beauties we discover. Where this is the case, we may be sure of the sterling worth of a composition. We dwell more particularly on the interest which these rondos derive from the charm of melody, as this is a merit of rather unfrequent occurrence in the works of living masters, at least so far as originality is concerned.

But, besides this very distinctive recommendation in Mr. Lauska's rondos before us, they possess, in an eminent degree, every other requisite of classic compositions: regularity of plan, elegance of diction, the utmost variety of fanciful ideas, passages of the most select description, and an harmonic structure which at once proclaims the purest taste, united to matured skill in the art.

Our author is stated to be a pupil of Mozart, a name which, in many instances, serves the office of the lion's skin in the fable; but in the case of Mr. Lauska, the master is honoured in the disciple: Mozart has not produced any thing superior in the particular style in which these rondos are written. Whether the pupil may have been equally successful in the more important branches of piano-forte composition, in which his instructor has left us models of perfection, remains a question which we shall feel some curiosity to investigate, when further works of Mr. L. may come under our cognizance.

As the title of these rondos may induce a belief that they are accessible to performers of slender abilities, we deem it proper to add, that, although certainly not intricate, they cannot be classed with what is commonly called easy music.

Hibernian Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, with an Introduction, composed by Ferd. Ries. Op. 84. No. 3. Pr. 3s. (Goulding and Co.)

In this production we recognise that energetic range of thought, and elaborate harmonic arrangement, which form the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Ries's Muse. The introduction, in D major, is formed upon the subject of the Irish air, and exhibits in its progress a succession of very free modulations up to F ※, from which the return to the key is managed with peculiar neatness. The name of the Irish tune we cannot at this moment recollect; its melody is conspicuous for softness and natural connection. After a fanciful digression of some extent, the bass takes up the air (p. 5); a minore portion of considerable interest follows in p. 6; the subject next appears in A ♭; and in the seventh page, we observe some combinations of a very superior order. The termination, p. 9, is truly beautiful.

Operatic Airs, the Subjects taken from the most approved Operas, Italian, English, &c. and arranged for the Piano-forte, with an introductory Movement to each, by the most eminent Authors. Nos. I. and II. Pr. 3s. each. (Gould-

ing and Co., Clementi and Co., and Chappell and Co.)

Among the professors engaged for this work, the title-page mentions Messrs. Clementi, Kalkbrenner, Latour, and Mazzinghi; and the two first, accordingly, appear as the authors of the numbers now before us.

No. I. is from the pen of Mr. Kalkbrenner. It contains the air of "Rule Britannia," with seven variations, preceded by an introduction of some extent in the manner of a march, replete with impressive energy and rich harmonic combination. The variations are written in a style of considerable brilliancy, and fulness as to score, and many of the thoughts to which the subject has given birth, are of a novel description. The second variation is of excellent construction; the imitations between the bass and treble, amidst superior contrapuntal devices, claim special notice. Var. 5, in C minor, is conceived in a style of deep emotion, and, together with its coda and cadence, may be pronounced masterly. In the sixth variation, we observe a range of very effective bass evolutions; which, however, come into occasional discordance with the treble, as in the diverging passage bar 5. The seventh variation winds up all with uncommon vigour and *éclat*.

The second number of this collection will be valued as a treasure: it boasts of no less an author than the great, the venerable MUZIO CLEMENTI. This is a treat indeed! Mozart's air "Batti, batti," forms the subject, or rather is here represented from beginning to end, with little variation or amplification, just in its legitimate purity. Such an adaptation from a full score to the piano-forte, it has seldom, if ever, been our good fortune to behold: the obligato violoncello part, the flute, the voice, in short, every thing, is here concentrated under the grasp of two hands, in a manner the most effective, the most wonderful. This is perfection itself—a model for imitation. The second $\frac{6}{8}$ movement, "pace, pace," &c. is furnished with a coda of Mr. C.'s invention, so completely and exclusively founded on the theme, so elegantly wrought, that it absolutely seems to be an integral part of the whole. Mozart, one is apt to think, could not have helped to write the very same notes, if he had wanted a conclusion of this description.

We had nearly passed over the introduction, an andante in F, also tinctured with the subject of the air. This movement, of course, is Mr. Clementi's likewise. Indeed it bears intrinsic evidence of his classic style, and of the undiminished vigour of that genius, the productions of which have so eminently promoted the advancement of the art.

The Maid of Devon, a favourite Song, written by Miss M. Leman Rede, arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Harp. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Clementi and Co.)

If we knew the air to be original, a circumstance which the title warrants us in doubting, we should testify our approbation of its general complexion, as affording decisive indications of feeling and lyric talent. In the accompani-

ment, the strictest purity and propriety have not at all times been consulted; at the same time, it is sufficiently respectable not to offer any gross violations of first principles.

"*For thee*," *an Ariette, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte*, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s. (Chappell and Co.)

Many of our columns have from time to time been devoted to Mr. B.'s *instrumental* productions, and the favourable opinion which these almost invariably excited with us, naturally created a considerable degree of curiosity, when with this ariette we took up the first *vocal* composition from his pen that ever had met our eye. It is with these two kinds of music much the same as with prose and poetry: we may excel in one, and scarcely attain mediocrity in the other; nay, to excel in both at the same time is rather unusual.

In the present instance, our curiosity has not met with disappointment. The ariette "For thee" (F major), although it contains perhaps but few melodic ideas with the fresh bloom of novelty upon them, possesses great claims on our favour. The plan, and the arrangement of the text, are extremely appropriate; the air itself presents a continued succession of select thoughts, peculiarly graceful, and replete with unaffected *naïveté*. The accompaniment might have admitted of less arpeggios: it is, however, not only highly effective, but, in some instances, contrived with great neatness, particularly towards the conclusion. The part beginning with "The day is past," sets out in a strain as original as it is attractive and well placed; but where it bursts into the very distant scale of D♭, and unisono too, we are of opinion, that however striking the idea may be, so decisive a change of colouring was not called for by the text. The effect, we must admit, is of such interest, that one almost regrets not to find a parallel text under the phrase.

Taking all in all, we feel no hesitation in saying, that this ariette has given us more satisfaction and real pleasure, than any of the innumerable English songs that have for many months come under our notice. This may perhaps be deemed no great mark of distinction; we will add, therefore, that of all the compositions of this description, there is none to which it can be more justly compared than Haydn's canzonets, upon whose style it appears to us to have been formed.

"*Love in Winter*," *a Ballad, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte*, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Chappell and Co.)

A symphony, of rather singular appearance, forms the introduction, intended perhaps to pourtray the dribbling flakes of the snow storm, with which the poet envelopes the loving pair at the outset, and which comes down more heavily and chromatically in the middle of the song. The ballad, although of short compass, presents several interesting ideas, expressions of pathetic emotion, and a very apt harmonic support. The few minor bars are particularly well devised. Upon the whole, however, "Love in Winter" appears to us less attractive than the

above ariette. It may be fancy, but we are inclined to attribute the cause to the difference of the subjects. In painting, a winter scene, be it ever so well executed, seldom excites great interest: music, possibly, may partake of this difficulty.

A Voluntary for the Organ, composed by S. Wesley. Op. 6. No. 12. Pr. 2s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn).

Most of the former numbers of this collection of voluntaries have formed articles in our monthly reviews, and received at our hands the tribute of praise justly due to the abundant display of the author's science and experience. In the present number, which, for ought we know, closes the series, Mr. W.'s uncommon facility in contrapuntal contrivance is more particularly conspicuous. In this style he stands unrivalled among the composers of this country, and approaches very nearly the grand models of Sebastian Bach, which he evidently appears to have chosen for his guides. Among the three pieces before us, the middle movement exhibits a fugue of the most able construction, and a select combination of harmonies, which shews the master in his art. As studies both for the practical and theoretical student, Mr. Wesley's voluntaries are of the highest value.

Twelve Canons for two or three Flutes, composed by Mr. Hook. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Hodsoll, High Holborn).

We devote a few lines to this little publication, conceiving that it may interest some of our readers, were it only in the way of curiosity; for in our days canonizing has pretty well fallen into disuse. Mr. Hook has exerted all the requisites of mechanical contrivance in the construction of these pieces, and duly varied their nature. Some are close canons, others open; some in unison, one in the fourth, &c. In playing these, and indeed all canons, we recommend that the first voice should play its part quite through *solo*, until, on repeating, it reaches the mark where the second part commences; here the second falls in, and both go on to the end, without the intervention of the third part, which is only to fall in at its proper mark, after the second repetition. This method will be found to be most effective, and to exhibit the nature of the composition more conspicuously.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-forte. No. 44. Pr. 3s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn).

Contains Mozart's overture to the Magic Flute, set as a duet by Mr. Rimbault. The nature of this unique master-piece of compositorial art renders it more particularly calculated for a piano-forte duet. The continual imitations among the parts, which constitute the principal charm of this overture, are almost too much to be allotted to one piano-forte. On two, the means of representing this fugued interlacement become more adequate. Mr. R. has felt this, and he has employed his means and his talent very effectively in this instance. The arrangement has been contrived with laudable care and skill, and with evident attention to executive practicability. We have seen this overture as a duet much more difficult than it appears

here, without being more effective.

Alexander's complete Preceptor for the Flute, entirely on a new Principle, by which the Art of playing the Flute is rendered so easy as to be obtained by the Learner independent of any other assistance, for a one, four, or six-keyed Flute, &c. Books I. and II. Pr. 5s. each. (J. Alexander, Leadenhall-st.)

To copy the whole title of this work, would nearly engross the space we can afford for its notice. The author has promised a good deal, and we think he has made good his pledge. The two books before us contain a mass of matter, which we could scarcely have expected at so reasonable a price; but as the quantity alone would not decide the value of the performance, we owe it to Mr. A. to add our opinion as to the intrinsic merit of his labour. The arrangement throughout appears to us very methodical: in the rudiments, the most essential parts of tuition are clearly and concisely explained; and, what we cannot but applaud as highly judicious, the learner is not overwhelmed with matters which at the outset can be of no use to him, but must impede his progress and disgust him. The more difficult branches of the science are reserved for a more advanced stage of proficiency, and much is illustrated, as occasion presents itself, by means of copious notes. In this manner, the benefit of which must be obvious, the work has been made to embrace a complete code of instruction for the flute. The number of lessons is very extensive, and they possess the additional advantage of being all arranged as duets, and some with even more than two parts. The scales in all the major and minor keys, and abundance of corresponding preludes likewise, fill their due space; graphic specimens are given for fingering a great variety of difficult passages, and proper examples for double-tongue execution.

"The Soldier's Orphan," a pathetic Ballad, sung by Miss Harris at the London Concerts; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Monro, Skinner-st.)

A pleasing ballad; the melody, without being sombre, is affecting and tender, quite in correspondence with the text; and the accompaniment is written in good style. Of the symphony, too, we have to speak very favourably: the sequences of 4-6ths in the penultimate bar, in the tasteful way in which they are handled, have an effect peculiarly fascinating.

Henry KirkeWhite's admired Ballad, "The wandering Boy," sung by Master Hyde at the London Concerts, &c.; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d. (J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

Quite equal, if not higher, commendation is due to this composition of Mr. M.'s. Independently of the tasteful melody, we observe some very select contrivances in the harmony, such as p. 2, l. 4, and p. 3, l. 1; the latter passage, in particular, is introduced and treated very appropriately. In the former (p. 2, l. 4,) it would have been better at bar 2 to omit, in the tenor part (right hand), the B and A which form the second and fifth quavers,

to avoid octaves with the voice, more especially as the same notes occur in the bass too. The symphony in this song is likewise conspicuous for its neat conclusion.

"*Les Quadrilles du Parterre,*" *composed and arranged for the Pianoforte* by Miss Christie. Pr. 4s. (R. Harm. Institution).

Without presuming to account for the peculiar title prefixed to these quadrilles, we are free to say, that, as productions of a female—and perhaps an amateur pen—we consider them very creditable to the talents of the fair composer. The tunes are light and agreeable; the ideas follow each other in suitable order and connection; and the accompaniments, although plain, are in general appropriate. The quadrilles "Le Narcisse" and "Le Pavot" appear to us to be the best. Now we have it! The flowery names of the quadrilles, no doubt, have given rise to their collective title, which at first puzzled our dull faculties.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 34.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH robe, composed of jaconot muslin: the body is plain; the waist long, and finished by a jacket, which terminates in three points; the jacket is edged with rich work; the body is made up to the throat, but without a collar; the fronts fold across, and are trimmed with puffings of net; a row of rich work surrounds the puffings on the side next to the shoulder, and a row of narrow lace edges them on that next to the bust. The skirt, which is open, is trimmed up the sides and round the bottom to correspond with the bust. The half-sleeves are of a similar description, but upon a larger scale; the long sleeve, which is of an easy fulness, is ornamented at the bottom to correspond with the trimming. The pelisse worn over this dress, is composed of lemon-coloured and white figured sarsnet, and lined with white sarsnet; the skirt is a good deal gored, and moderately full; the body is tight to the shape; the waist long, and ornamented by rosettes on the hips; the collar is of a new form, high, but not pointed behind, and very shallow towards the front; the sleeve is rather tight to the arm, and falls very far over the hand. The trimming goes entirely round the pelisse; it consists of a wreath, which we cannot call leaves, but which resemble them a little in form: the outside of each is composed of plain *gros de Naples;* the middle is filled up by a satin puff. This trimming has a singular but tasteful effect. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of white crape over net: the crown is low; the brim very large, and stands out a good deal from the face; it is edged with blond; the crown is ornamented with roses: a rich ribbon passes under the chin, and ties in a full bow on one side. Limeric gloves. Pale lemon-coloured kid half-boots.

PLATE 35.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of white figured lace over a white satin slip; the *corsage* is long in the waist, has a little fulness at the bottom of the back, and is cut moderately low round the bust, which is ornamented with a falling lace tucker. Short sleeves, composed of alternate puffings of pink *gros de Naples* and white lace; the puffings are placed crosswise, and there are three of each. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of white satin leaves placed perpendicularly; they are headed by a wreath of field-flowers. The hair is dressed in very full curls in front, drawn up behind in a full tuft on the crown of the head, and fastened with a jewelled comb. A plume of feathers, of a beautiful and novel description, is placed on one side of the head; they are ostrich, but the middle of each is covered with down: one feather is of uncommon length; the two others are shorter. Necklace and ear-rings, diamonds. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade costume has not been for several seasons more gay, more striking, nor, as far as repects the materials, more varied than at present. Rich silk pelisses, worn over cambric muslin or sarsnet dresses, and made in a very plain style, are much in favour for what may be termed plain walking dress; as are also sarsnet high dresses made in the habit style: these last are sometimes worn with a light silk scarf, sometimes without. The trimmings of these dressess are of satin or braiding, but they afford no novelty worth describing.

Leghorn bonnets, trimmed with ribbons only, are very generally worn in this plain style of promenade dress; these bonnets, and indeed all other fashionable ones, are very large: the only alteration we perceive in their shape is, that the crowns are something lower; but then, as if to make amends for this little reduction in height, the brims are in general a little deeper than they have been for the last two months. All fashionable ribbons now are very broad and extremely rich; those that are figured seem most in favour.

Silk pelisses are also a great deal worn in the dress promenade and carriage costume; they are made in a very tasteful style, and much trimmed. We have presented our readers with one of the most fashionable in our print. There is no variety in the form of pelisses; they are all made in one style, but there is a good deal of difference in the manner in which they are trimmed. Many are ornamented with very narrow white satin rouleaus, disposed in waves; there are sometimes five or six of these rouleaus in number: others are trimmed with an intermixture of satin and gauze, to correspond in colour with the pelisse; and we have seen a few ornamented with a trimming of a shell pattern, formed of satin to correspond with the pelisse, but of various shades:

this last trimming is usually made very broad, and has a striking effect. We observe that pelisses are in general trimmed all round; and the collar, cuffs, and epaulettes, usually correspond.

Clear muslin and British net pelisses, lined with coloured sarsnet, begin to be a good deal worn: these pelisses are trimmed with lace in general. We noticed one the other day, of a novel and tasteful description: the trimming consisted of a single fall of broad lace, disposed in a zig-zag manner round the bottom of the pelisse; this flounce was headed by a corkscrew roll of satin, and between each of the waves formed by the zig-zag, was a letting-in of lace, in the shape of a large leaf. A lace pelerine, with long ends, which crossed in front, and fastened in the middle of the back with a large bow of ribbon, almost concealed the body of the pelisse; and as it was very full trimmed with lace, and fell a little over the shoulders, it formed a substitute for half-sleeves. The long sleeve, which was rather wide, was terminated by three falls of narrow lace, each headed by a corkscrew roll of ribbon. The pelisse was of clear muslin; the lining pale rose-colour, and the ribbon to correspond.

Spencers are worn, but less generally than they have been, and we observe no novelty in their form.

Transparent and half-transparent (if we may be allowed the expression) bonnets are very much in favour. The first are made in white lace, British net, and different sorts of gauze; they are made, as we before observed, with low crowns, large brims, and to stand out a good deal from the face: those made in gauze are finished by a *ruche* of the same material round the edge of the brim; the others are ornamented either with blond or thread lace. Flowers, which are worn either in wreaths or bunches, always ornament the crowns. These bonnets have a very elegant appearance: we have noticed, that this season they are introduced unusually early.

The half-transparent bonnets are of the same materials as the one given in our print: they are light, appropriate to the season, and perhaps better suited to our climate than those of a thinner texture; they are likewise always adorned with flowers.

Muslin is the only thing worn in dishabille: jaconot is rather more in favour than cambric muslin, but the latter is fashionable. Robes and round dresses are equally in request; the latter are very moderately trimmed. Robes are made in a more tasteful style: the one described as the under-dress worn with the pelisse in our print, is by much the most elegant novelty that we have seen for some time.

Muslin now begins to be a great deal worn in dinner dress, but it is not yet so generally adopted as silk. Muslin dresses are in general trimmed with lace; and we observe with pleasure, that there is also a good deal of ribbon mixed with it: the encouragement of this branch of our manufactures is particularly desirable, from the number of hands to which it gives employment. One of the most tasteful dinner dresses that we have

seen this month, is a frock, the body of which is of a decorous height: the back is composed of strips of muslin let in full and bias between letting-in lace; the front is a little full on each breast, but plain in the middle, which is formed of a demi-lozenge of letting-in lace, with the point downwards. Very short full sleeve, surmounted by three points, which hang loose, and are edged with lace. We should have observed, that the *corsage* is square round the bust, and ornamented by a narrow lace tucker, which stands up. The skirt is rather wide, and very much gored; the fulness is principally thrown behind: the trimming of the skirt consists of muslin edged with narrow satin ribbon, and quilled in those large hollow plaits which the French call *wolves' mouths*; the muslin is scolloped at the edge, and the trimming is laid on bias in rows, which are put pretty close to each other. This trimming is the broadest of the kind we have ever seen, being nearly three half-quarters deep; the effect is singular and exceeding pretty. A broad satin sash, disposed in folds round the waist, and fastened behind in a bow and short ends, which are fringed, completes the dress.

Rich silks are now but partially worn in full dress, the favourite materials being white British lace, and white or coloured gauzes. We have seen in a few instances coloured satins made up for very matronly ladies. Several *belles* have adopted the peaked stomacher so fashionable at present in France: it is extremely unbecoming to the figure. Trimmings vary a good deal: flowers, blond, lace, satin mixed either with lace or gauze, and ribbon disposed in various ways, are all in favour: the pretty chain trimming mentioned in our last Number, is very much worn.

We have nothing novel to describe in millinery; in fact, no ladies, except those very far advanced in life, cover their heads in full dress. The hair is dressed moderately high, and in various forms, but always in such a way as to display its luxuriance as much as possible: the front hair is disposed in very full curls on the temples. The head is ornamented either with feathers or flowers: pearls or diamonds are a good deal worn with the former; but we observe, that when the head-dress consists of flowers, there is now seldom any mixture of jewels. Wreaths and bunches of flowers are equally fashionable: the former are placed very far back on the head, and rather to one side; the latter are too large; they resemble the gardeners' nosegays worn in France, and when, as is often the case, they consist of a mixture of flowers badly contrasted, the effect is very inelegant. Exotics, fancy flowers, and all those of the season, are fashionable. Rose-colour, lilac, lavender, lemon-colour, green, and azure, are all in estimation.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, May 18.

My dear Sophia,

Since I wrote last, cambric muslin dresses have become more generally fashionable for the promenade than those of any other material: silk and French cachemire are, however, still fashionable; but they are more worn in dinner or evening, than in promenade dress. Promenade gowns have not altered much in the form; waists are still very long, sleeves are very tight to the arm, and the skirts of dresses are, I think, more scanty than they have recently been. Dresses are once more trimmed almost to the knee: there is very little variety in the style of trimming, flounces or deep tucks being the only ornaments of dresses: if the former, they are narrow, and are placed three together, and almost close to one another at the bottom of the skirt: this triple flounce is surmounted by two or three deep tucks, and another flounce to correspond, and over that are tucks and a third flounce. If the dress is ornamented with tucks only, there are sometimes eighteen or twenty of them. Sometimes the bottom of the dress is ornamented with a single deep flounce, over which tucks on tucks arise half way at least up the skirt. This ridiculous fashion has been, as you know, several times revived within the last few years, but I do not think it ever was carried to such an excess as at present.

The bodies of gowns are in general made tight to the shape: I have observed, however, within the last few days, several high gowns with tucked bodies, and others in which the *corsage* had a little fulness; but I will speak of them presently, because, though worn for the promenade, they also form the morning dress. Out-door covering is now light, and appropriate to the season; spencers, *sautoirs,* and *canezoux* being all equally fashionable. This last part of out-door dress will surprise you, because I dare say you will recollect, that formerly we gave that appellation to little silk bodies which were worn in full dress; now we give it to what you, I think, would call a spenceret; that is, a silk body made partially high, and with short sleeves, which are very full, and are composed in general of a mixture of satin and blond: it laces behind, and is usually finished by a deep fall of blond at the bottom of the waist.

Sautoirs are composed either of French cachemire or net silk. Plaid gauze cravats with satin stripes, which are rather long, and are tied coquettishly on one side, are worn by some *belles* instead of *sautoirs;* but the latter are upon the whole more fashionable.

The only alteration in the form of spencers is, that they now begin to be peaked before; in other respects, they are made and trimmed as I described to you last month.

We still continue to wear large bonnets for the promenade. White straw, or white *paille-coton,* is at present more fashionable than any thing else; but gauze and crape are still worn; and *gros de Naples,*

finished at the edge of the brim with straw intermixed with artificial flowers, is beginning to come very much into favour. I think bonnets are a little smaller than they were last month, but the difference in that respect is very trifling. Some bonnets are now bent a little on one side, in such a manner as that one part of the brim may sit rather close to the face, while the other part stands out very much from it. There is something so whimsically coquettish in this fashion, that one could think it was first introduced for the sake of displaying a pretty side-face. This kind of brim is confined to straw or *paille-coton chapeaux;* those made of other materials have the brim closer to the face than last month.

Chapeaux are so variously ornamented, that one would be puzzled to tell what style of trimming is most fashionable. The crowns, which are high, and either round or of a dome shape, are decorated either with flowers or feathers: in some instances, with a mixture of both; in others, with flowers and ribbons. Some have a large bunch of flowers placed in front, or a little on one side of the crown; the stalks of the flowers are inserted in a band composed of *coques* of ribbon: others have a bunch of flowers placed in such a manner as partly to stand up in front of the crown, and partly to droop over the brim. Half-wreaths, composed of various grasses mingled with heath-flowers, are also disposed in this way. Those that are adorned with feathers and flowers, have a plume of Marabouts, to the middle of each of which is attached a bunch of lilac. Many are ornamented only with a bunch of different kinds of wheat, fastened by a knot of satin, in such a manner that one half of the bunch stands up in front of the crown, and the other half falls on one side of the brim. A good many hats have a wreath of Provence roses, mingled with wild flowers and ears of wheat; and others have a garland composed of different kinds of flowers, so large that it nearly covers the whole front of the crown.

So much for *chapeaux*, methinks I hear you say. Softly, my dear Sophia, we have but half done yet: we must now speak of the decorations of the brims, a matter of no small consequence, I assure you, in the opinion of the fair Parisian fashionable. Besides the quantity of trimming which I described to you in my last, and which still continues to be worn by some *élégantes*, there are three or four other trimmings in favour, which I will endeavour to describe to you as well as I can.

The most fashionable is, a fulness of gauze interspersed with loops of ribbon: each loop is ornamented with two ends; one stands up on the edge of the brim, the other hangs over the edge: next to this in favour is a plaiting of spotted, shaded, or mosaic gauze ribbon; this is formed in large hollow plaits, and there are often three rows one over the other; this triple plaiting is also worn in plain gauze, and in blond. Satin rouleaus, with rows of blond between, are also partially in estimation, as are also plain broad bands of satin.

I was interrupted by a visit from the three Misses S——, each of whom had on a bonnet differing

from any that I have seen, and very well worth your attention. Miss S——'s was of white gauze; there was nothing peculiar in the shape, but the brim was covered with a white gauze drapery, disposed in deep folds; this drapery was edged with three very narrow rouleaus of lilac satin, and between each of the folds a bunch of lilac was partially visible. The crown was oval; the top of it was decorated with three satin rouleaus, to correspond with the brim; a full bunch of lilacs was placed on one side of the crown; a band of ribbon, to correspond, encircled the bottom of it, and a broad lilac ribbon passed under the chin, and tied in a bow at the left side.

Charlotte S. the second sister, had a bonnet composed of white crape over white satin; the crown was low, and of a dome shape; it was adorned round the top by two rows of white satin *coquings;* a twisted roll of lilacs and white satin surrounded the bottom of the crown, and also ornamented the edge of the brim; it was finished by white strings, which tied in a full bow under the chin. I am certain you would like this bonnet; it is, in my opinion, the most tastefully simple head-dress that I have seen for a length of time.

The youngest of the sisters had a *chapeau* of white *gros de Naples;* the crown of a dome form, but high, and rather raised in the top; the middle of the crown was decorated with straw points, edged with satin; they were placed perpendicularly, and a bunch of rose-buds was partially seen between each point; the edge of the brim was finished to correspond with the crown, except the hind part, which was deep and square, and ornamented only with a rouleau of satin, I should have observed to you, that the satin which edges the points is pink; this rouleau corresponds: rich white strings tie it under the chin.

Morning dress is always composed of cambric muslin; in some instances, the body is entirely covered with tucks, which are either large or small according to the fancy of the wearer: the tucks are run straight and lengthwise; the sleeves are tucked across. Dresses are now made without collars; their place is supplied by ruffs, which are open in front, or *sautoirs,* tied carelessly in such a manner as to display a little of the throat. Aprons continue to be worn, but only partially. I have no occasion to speak to you of trimmings, as I have already mentioned them in the promenade costûme.

Dinner gowns are now in general cut low; we see a good many in perkale, but a greater number in silk or French cachemire. White is considered most fashionable; rose-colour is next in estimation. We see sometimes a few lilac and citron dresses; but in general our tonish *élégantes* confine themselves to white or rose-colour.

Many dinner, and almost all full-dress gowns, are now peaked in front: this fashion, preposterous and unbecoming as it formerly was, when the waist of the dress was made to the length of the natural waist, is now ten times more so, because the body of the gown being still something shorter than the natural waist, it absolutely destroys the symmetry of the figure. The robes *à la Sévigné* which I recollect to have formerly descri-

bed to you, and those made *en cœur*, are most fashionable both in dinner and full dress. The robe *en cœur* is pretty, and when worn without a peak, is very becoming to the shape. The back of the *corsage* is tight to the figure; the front slopes down gradually on each side of a stomacher in the shape of a heart; the stomacher is let in full to the dress, but the fulness is confined in the middle by a band consisting of three narrow folds, of the same material as the dress, which, I should mention, laces behind. A very broad sash, with short bows and ends, which reach below the knee, ties at one side. The sleeves are very short and full; they are confined to the arm by a narrow band of the same material as the dress, beneath which is in general a very full roll of white satin.

Gauze and white satin are very fashionable in full dress; and flowers are a good deal used for trimmings, not more so, however, than flounces or tucks: the former are principally employed to decorate satin dressess, and are either of blond, lace, or gauze; they are put on in a similar style to those I described to you in speaking of promenade dress; the tucks are always of white satin.

Our mania for flowers has abated a little; some, even youthful *belles*, are now seen in *toques* and dress hats; the former are composed of gauze with a mixture of satin, or satin and blond; they have, what we call, a good deal of drapery; that is, the materials of which they are composed are set on very full: they are low, and are ornamented either with down feathers or flowers; if the former, the band which encircles the bottom of the *toque*, is usually mixed with pearl; if the latter, it is plain or wrought silk.

Dress hats are made with very small brims, in the Mary of Scotland style; they are composed of gauze, tulle, or white satin, and always adorned with down feathers.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month, with the exception of *ponceau*, which is not worn. Flowers also continue the same, but we have added to them the rhododendron, the snuff-flower, and the lilac; the last is particularly fashionable.

I meant to begin my letter by scolding you for being so idle: your letters are so short, that you really do not deserve the pains I take in recording for you, with scrupulous accuracy, the changes of the fickle deity Fashion. Remember, I give you notice, that if you do not mend, you will lose the services of your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 33.—WINDOW-DRAPERIES.

The three designs for window-draperies in the annexed plate, are suited to small apartments. The first is composed of a single festoon, supported by an ornamented and gilt bow, in a simple yet elegant manner. The last design is more varied, and consists of a

double festoon, with rich devices and fringes, supported by a rich cornice. The middle design presents only draperies on a carved pole: here the festoon is formed by the junction of half-swags, and has a novel effect. The colours introduced are light blue and delicate fawn, relieved by white muslin sub-curtains, of large pattern.

It will be perceived, that, by a little contrivance, these curtains will assist in the formation of other designs, by an interchange of their positions; and for this purpose they are presented together.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

HISTORY OF CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK.

(From *The Monastery*, by the Author of "Waverly.")

(Continued from p. 303.)

But who, alas! can form a just estimate of their future prospects in this deceitful world? I was not long engaged in my own profession, before I discovered, that if the independent indolence of half-pay was a paradise, the officer must pass through the purgatory of duty and service in order to gain admission to it. Captain Doolittle might brush his blue coat with the red neck, or leave it unbrushed, at his pleasure; but Ensign Clutterbuck had no such option. Captain Doolittle might go to bed at ten o'clock if he had a mind, but the ensign must make the rounds in his turn. What was worse, the captain might repose under the tester of his tent-bed until noon, if he was so pleased; but the ensign, God help him, had to appear upon parade at peep of day. As for duty, I made that as easy as I could, had the sergeant to whisper to me the words of command, and bustled through as other folks did. Of service I saw enough for an indolent man; was buffeted up and down the world, and visited both the East and West Indies, Egypt, and other distant places, which my youth had scarce dreamed of. The French I saw and felt too; witness two fingers of my right hand, which one of their cursed hussars took off with his sabre as neatly as an hospital surgeon. At length the death of my old aunt, who left me some fifteen hundred pounds, snugly vested in the three per cents. gave me the long-wished-for oportunity of retiring, with the prospect of enjoying a clean shirt and a guinea four times a week.

For the purpose of commencing my new way of life, I selected for my residence the village of Kennaquhair, in the south of Scotland, celebrated for the ruins of its magnificent monastery, intending there to lead my future life in the *otium cum dignitate* of half-pay and annuity. I was not long, however, in making the grand discovery, that, in order to enjoy leisure, it is absolutely necessary it should be pre-

ceded by occupation. For some time, it was delightful to wake at daybreak, dreaming of the *reveil;* then to recollect my happy emancipation from the slavery that doomed me to start at a piece of clattering parchment, turn on my other side, damn the parade, and go to sleep again. But even this enjoyment had its termination; and time, when it became a stock entirely at my own disposal, began to hang heavy on my hands.

I angled for two days, during which time I lost twenty hooks, and several scores of yard of gut and line, and caught not even a minnow. Hunting was out of the question, for the stomach of a horse by no means agrees with the half-pay establishment. When I shot, the shepherds and ploughmen, and my very dog, quizzed me every time that I missed, which was, generally speaking, every time I fired. Besides, the country gentlemen in this quarter liked their game, and began to talk of prosecutions and interdicts. I did not give up fighting the French to commence a domestic war with the "pleasant men of Teviotdale," as the song calls them; so I e'en spent three days (very pleasantly) in cleaning my gun, and disposing it upon two hooks over my chimney-piece.

The success of this accidental experiment set me on trying my skill in the mechanical arts. Accordingly I took down and cleaned my landlady's cuckoo-clock, and in so doing, silenced that companion of the spring for ever and a day. I mounted a turning lathe, and, in attempting to use it, I very nearly cribbed off, with an inch-and-half former, one of the fingers which the hussar had left me.

Books I tried, both those of the little circulating library, and of the more rational subscription collection maintained by this intellectual people; but neither the light reading of the one, nor the heavy artillery of the other, suited my purpose. I always fell asleep at the fourth or fifth page of history or disquisition; and it took me a month's hard reading to wade through a half-bound trashy novel, during which I was pestered with applications to return the volumes by every half-bred milliner's miss about town. In short, during the hours when all the town besides had something to do, I had nothing for it, but to walk in the church-yard and whistle till it was dinner-time.

During these promenades, the ruins necessarily forced themselves on my attention, and by degrees I found myself engaged in studying the more minute ornaments, and at length the general plan, of this noble structure. The old sexton aided my labours, and gave me his portion of traditional lore. Every day added something to my stock of knowledge respecting the ancient state of the building; and at length I made discoveries concerning the purposes of several detached and very ruinous portions of the building, the use of which had hitherto been unknown altogether, or erroneously explained.

The knowledge which I thus acquired I had frequent opportunities of retailing to those visitors whom the progress of a Scottish tour brought to visit this celebra-

ted spot. Without encroaching on the privilege of my friend the sexton, I became gradually an assistant Cicerone in the task of description and explanation, and often (seeing a fresh party of visitors arrive) has he turned over to me those to whom he had told half his story, with the flattering observation, "What needs I say ony mair about it? There's the captain kens mair anent it than I do, or any man in the town." Then would I salute the strangers courteously, and expatiate to their astonished minds upon crypts and chancels, and naves, arches, Gothic and Saxon architraves, mullions, and flying buttresses. It not unfrequently happened that an acquaintance which commenced in the abbey, concluded in the inn, which served to relieve the solitude as well as the monotony of my landlady's shoulder of mutton, whether hot, cold, or hashed.

By degrees my mind became enlarged: I found a book or two which enlightened me on the subject of Gothic architecture, and I now read with pleasure, because I was interested in what I read about. Even my character began to dilate and expand. I spoke with more authority at the club, and was listened to with deference, because on one subject at least I possessed more information than any of its members. Indeed, I found that even my stories about Egypt, which, to say the truth, were somewhat threadbare, were now listened to with more respect than formerly. "The captain," they said, "had something in him after a'; few folk ken'd sae mickle about the abbey."

With this general approbation waxed my own sense of self-importance, and my feelings of general comfort. I ate with more appetite, and digested with more ease; I lay down at night with joy, and slept soundly till morning, when I arose with a sense of busy importance, and hied me to measure, to examine, and to compare the various parts of this interesting structure. I lost all sense and consciousness of certain unpleasant sensations of a non-descript nature about my head and stomach, to which I had been in the habit of attending, more for the benefit of the village apothecary than my own, for the pure want of something else to think about. I had found out an occupation unwittingly, and was happy because I had something to do. In a word, I had commenced local antiquary, and was not unworthy of the name.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We always turn with great satisfaction to the annual Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, because they concentrate to our view the aggregate character which our fine arts are entitled to hold; they present to us the best productions of our artists, with whom they bring us into a pleasing association, as well as with a great and intelligent

mass of the public. From the whispers of the former, we collect what the artist intended in his work; and from the free observations of the latter, we see how far the public eye has caught the idea, and appreciated the execution. Both are benefited by this periodical communion of sentiment. We are not unaware, that the crowded state of these annual Exhibitions, which, on the first entrance of the spectator, flings upon his eye, before his attention is riveted on some particular object, a chaotic mass of colouring, is very unfavourable on many occasions to the well-founded claims of a number of artists to public encouragement. Works of delicacy and sentiment are often overlooked in the thronged heap, and the very crowd of visitors which fill the rooms, obstruct, in a great degree, that view of the pictures which is essential to a consideration of their merits. We therefore always feel bound in candour and justice to premise, that in our brief sketch of the Exhibition, we are compelled to overlook a number of pictures, which we are sure are well entitled to notice, and which, if examined, would shew a considerable proficiency among our rising artists.

The present Exhibition is composed of 1072 works, in the several departments of art. There are 452 oil paintings, 428 miniatures and water-colour drawings of various kinds, 223 architectural designs and drawings, and 69 works in sculpture. On a comparison of this number with that of former Exhibitions, it will be seen at least that our artists have not relaxed in industry. We come now to their works.

Though portraits, as we too often find to be the case, do not predominate, yet still they form a very conspicuous part of the Exhibition. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the new President, holds his usual sway, and is the unrivalled master of this department of art. In our last Number, we described his celebrated portraits executed on the Continent; none of them are in this Exhibition. His principal portrait here is that of

The Right Hon. Sir W. Grant, late Master of the Rolls; painted for the Gentlemen of the Chancery Bar attending the Rolls Court.—Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A.

This is a remarkably fine portrait; the robes are broad and flowing, and the likeness correct.

Portrait of Earl Grey.—T. Phillips, R. A.

An admirable representation, not only of the features of this distinguished peer, but of the dignity and elegance of his air and manner. The artist has many other portraits in the room, but we think this his best.

Portrait of the Duke of Athol.—W. Owen, R. A.

This artist has several portraits, in his usual style of excellence, in the Exhibition, but that of the Duke of Athol is most admired for its fine breadth and colouring. The likeness is excellent. Mr. Owen has also a fine poetical subject in the Royal Academy, from the *Midsummer Night's Dream, a Cupid*, the design and expression of which cannot be too highly praised.

Portrait of Canova.—J. Jackson, R. A.

This portrait possesses every excellence that is required in art:

it has character, colour, and drawing. Mr. Jackson is equally successful in his other works.

Portrait of the Bishop of Norwich.—M. A. Shee, R. A.

A very good likeness; it has the venerable bishop's vivacity and agreeable expression.

Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent.—Sir W. Beechey, R. A.

This portrait represents, in a striking manner, the manly form and features of the much-lamented duke.

Portrait of the Right Hon. N. Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer.—G. F. Joseph, A.

This is a capital likeness, and well-painted portrait.

Mr. Northcote has also some excellent portraits.

The Portrait of a Gentleman by Mr. Ross is very cleverly painted; as well as two others by Miss Janet Ross, and one by Mr. Uwins. Mr. Oliver has also a good portrait.

There are a number of other portraits in the Exhibition by a variety of artists, but we regret our limits will not enable us to go more at large into this department of the arts.

Christ raising from Death the Daughter of Jairus.—H. Thomson, R. A.

St. Matt. chap. ix. 18, 19, 23, 24, 25.

This picture at first sight has nothing striking to catch the eye; the colours are much broken and subdued, and we think a little more depth would materially assist the nature of the subject: yet it is a picture of considerable merit. The daughter, still folded in her robe, and decked with a chaplet of flowers, her eye just gleaming with life, has a tone of more touching sentiment than we have often seen given to this subject. The Saviour is more mild and benignant, than commanding and imposing. The expression of the mother and father is beautiful. All the hands are drawn with great care and neatness.

The Reading of a Will.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

"Mr. Protocol, accordingly, having required silence, began to read the settlement aloud, in a slow, steady, business-like tone. The group around, in whose eyes hopes alternately awakened and faded, were straining their apprehensions to get at the drift of the testator's meaning through the mist of technical language in which the conveyance had involved it."

Author of *Waverly*.

This is, in many respects, Mr. Wilkie's best picture. The general effect is as like daylight as possible. The colour of some of the heads is, however, very black; and much as we admire the artist's compositions, which so often approach, if not reach, the highest degree of perfection; yet we think it some defect, that all the figures should face the spectator. The disappointed lady flouncing out of the room with her footboy, the deaf man, the attorney and his client taking notes, the reader of the will, are quite complete. What is the stupid-looking boy doing near the fire-place? This is on the whole a capital picture.

Fox-Hunting—Calling the Hounds out of Cover—Portraits of Ralph Lambton, Esq. his Horse Undertaker, and Hounds.—J. Ward, R. A.

This is a capital representation of a sporting scene. The hounds are admirably drawn and painted, and the horse is executed with all the truth of nature which characterizes Mr. Ward's pencil. A

sportsman must be enraptured with this picture.

A dead Calm on the Medway, with small Craft dropping down on the turn of the tide; Sheerness in the distance.—A. W. Calcott, R.A.

This is indeed a dead calm; the water, the distance, are in the very best style of painting; and the sail of the sloop, which occupies the principal place in the picture, is considered admirable. The style of execution is a perfect and unaffected model in its way. We need not say that the picture is universally admired.

Skirmish.—The Combat between Sergeant Bothwell and Balfour of Burley.—A. Cooper, R. A.

These two excellent pictures do the artist much honour; in drawing and beauty of execution, they are equal to any of Wouvermans, while they greatly surpass that artist in expression. The Academy has justly appreciated the talents of Mr. Cooper, and elected him a member of their body.

Rome, from the Vatican. Raffaelle, accompanied by La Fornarina, preparing his Pictures for the decoration of the Loggia.—M. W. Turner, R. A.

This is a strange, but wonderful picture. It has much of the unfinished breadth of a sketch, though the centre is full of truth and splendour; but the crossing and recrossing of reflected lights about the gallery, give it the artificial look of an illumination from several lights. We are free to admit, that this may be true in nature, but it appears to us here to be indefinitely and imperfectly expressed, and hurts the general character of the picture. The figures are not the best we have seen from Mr. Turner's pencil, nor indeed the perspective of the fore-ground near them. The distance is very fine, and the richness and splendour of the colouring cannot fail to be admired.

Capstan at work drawing up Fish-Boats.--River Scene, Cottage-Girl buying Fish.—W. Collins, R.A.

The daylight and silvery tone of the latter is extremely beautiful; and the cool morning freshness of the former cannot be exceeded, nor the neatness and smartness of the execution, which admirably suits this artist's small subjects. We regret to see Mr. Collins's abilities confined to sea-coast views, as we remember with pleasure his inland scenery, and are anxious to see it oftener.

Londoners Gipsying.—C. R. Leslie.

This picture is full of interest and delicate incident. The different familiar scenes, transported for the day into the rural shade of the woods, are both interesting and amusing. There is, however, a want of force and effect in some of the figures, which deprives the picture of much of that interest which the artist's *Sir Roger de Coverley* had in the last Exhibition.

Venus in Search of Cupid.—W. Hilton, R. A.

This beautiful subject, from the third book of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, is finely handled by Mr. Hilton; as a composition, it is in many parts an excellent picture. We admire the delicacy with which the artist has pourtrayed on his canvas the exquisite sentiment of the poet. The colouring is fine, and particularly that of the figures in the shade. But there is a look

of common nature in the landscape; it seems not that salubrious spot on which the poet's eye would like to dwell: it is not in fact classic ground. The water is not sufficiently transparent: the figures are, however, truly poetical.

Venus, supported by Iris, complaining to Mars, and shewing the wound she has received from Diomed in her attempt to rescue Æneas.—G. Hayter.

Mr. Hayter is an artist of promise, and capable of works of higher merit than this, which at the same time we do not mean to depreciate. When we see the sublime poetry of the *Iliad* made the subject of the artist's pencil, we are entitled to expect that the work will call up a classic feeling in our breasts: otherwise, of all subjects, poetical ones are the most devoid of interest, unless they awaken the same recollections we experience when reading them. Without they inspire this feeling, gods and goddesses lose their spell: the canvas wants a Prometheus. An unseemly brown predominates in the colouring of Mr. Hayter's pictures; and his drawing in this work, though no where positively imperfect, is yet without any striking excellencies. Mr. Hayter is capable of making greater exertions as an artist than he has here disclosed. We have no doubt we shall see better pictures from him.

Le Ruban retrouvé. La Comtesse, Suzanne, Cherubin.—A. E. Chalon, R. A.

"Suzanne. Ah! je suis bien aise que madame s'en appercoive. Je lui avais dit que je vous le dirois: je le lui aurais bien repris, si monseigneur n'etoit pas venu; car je suis presqu' aussi forte que lui."

Beaumarchais, *Mariage de Figaro*, Acte ii. scene 4.

This is a beautiful and playful picture, though the execution is rather hard, and the figures perhaps too large in proportion to the size of the canvas. The expression is excellent.

The last Scene in Massenger's Play of "A new Way to pay old Debts," with Portraits.—G. Clint.

This is a clever picture, and chiefly remarkable for likenesses of some of our present performers on the metropolitan stage. The portraits of Kean and Munden are at once recognised.

The Wolf and the Lamb.—R. Mulready, R. A.

The only thing bad about this picture is its place.

The Coral-Finder: Venus and her youthful Satellites arriving at the Isle of Paphos.—W. Etty.

This artist has an exquisite eye for the Venetian tone of colouring, which gives such brilliancy to poetical subjects. In parts of this picture the colouring looks as if it were broken into patches, like a damaged work.

The Dance.—Vide *Decameron* of Boccace.—T. Stothard, R. A.

Mr. Stothard has several works in this Exhibition, which do the greatest credit to the brilliancy of his imagination and classic purity of his taste: they are in their way exquisite.

Landscape, Scene from the Palace of Ægisthus, from the Electra of Sophocles. Orestes, reported to be killed, presents his supposed ashes to his sister Electra, before he discloses himself.—W. Willes.

This picture has considerable merit. To the charms of fine architectural scenery, it adds the fascination of poetical incident. The figures are well drawn, the

distance well managed, and the back-ground full of that pleasing variety which cannot fail to produce interest. The composition displays considerable taste and skill, and the colouring is most harmonious.

Una and the Red-Cross Knight in the Cave of Despair. This picture obtained the gold medal in the Royal Academy last year.—J. Severn.

Another subject from that inexhaustible source of all that is exquisite in poetry, Spenser's *Faerie Queen.* It is a fine picture, and well merited the tribute it received.

There are several other pictures, among which are Mr. Fuseli's, well entitled to notice, if, as we set out with saying, our limits enabled us to embrace the whole scope of the Exhibition.

Some of the architectural drawings are beautiful, and the miniatures pretty. Of Mr. Bone's enamels it is impossible to speak without admiration; and those by Mr. Muss are justly and universally praised.

THE SCULPTURE.

Here again we must premise, that we do not profess to go into details. We have hardly time or space to take a bird's-eye view of the sculpture, and must necessarily omit works, which, if our limits permitted, we should notice with no small degree of pleasure.

Eve at the Fountain.—E. H. Baily, *A.*

As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd, I soon return'd;
Pleas'd, it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love.

Vide MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, b. iv.

This is one of the finest modern works we have seen at the Royal Academy, for grace, design, form, and, above all, for nature. It ranks the artist in the very first walk of his profession. There is a purity of taste and correctness of judgment in this figure, which we have rarely had the pleasure of witnessing. To the perfect symmetry of a fine form, the artist has united the most angelic expression of features. If there be any defect in this work, perhaps it is, that the hand on the ground is rather heavy.

A sleeping Child.—F. Chantrey, R. A.

This is full of nature, and beautifully composed and executed. It conveys to the eye a happy union of placid innocence and infantine beauty. Mr. Chantrey has as usual a crowd of busts, and they are admirable. The bust of Lady Nugent is, we had nearly said, a triumphant attempt of art to rival the beauty of Nature in her loveliest form, and in all the elegant expression of her charms. The design, which is after the antique, is very happy: the bust appears rising from a sun-flower. Any body who glances at the bust of "honest Jack Fuller" will at once perceive, that Mr. Chantrey is as successful in conveying the broad and good-humoured expression of a social Englishman, as he is in the more delicate traces of soft and most fascinating beauty.

A Nymph playing with Cupid.—J. Hefferman.

This is beautifully designed, and full of playfulness in the action of the figures. The composition displays much taste and feeling. A little more plumpness in the limbs

of the Cupid would prevent the wrists and ancles from having the appearance of a lumpy heaviness.

Mr. Flaxman, Mr. Bacon, Mr. Rossi, Mr. Westmacott, Mr. Garrard, Mr. Behnes, and several other artists whose names will be a sufficient passport for the excellence of their works, have also exhibited. The Sculpture-Room, like the Painting-Room, indicates a progressive improvement in this admirable department of the arts.

This is the fifty-second Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The motto for this year is:

——————" L'affettuosa Fantasia,
Che l'Arte ci fa Idolo, e Monarca,
Conosciam ben quanto sia d'error carca."
Sonetto di MICHELAGNOLO BUONARROTI.

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION OF OIL AND WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS.

AMONG the public Exhibitions of the Fine Arts during the last month, we observed that Mr. Glover put in his claim for general patronage. He has opened a spacious suite of apartments in Old Bond-street, and his industry has enabled him to fill them with above one hundred of his best pictures. As must be expected where a single artist throws open the whole of his private collection to public view, there are several pictures in this Exhibition which have been already seen at the Spring-Garden Rooms, and at the Royal Academy: the novelty is so far diminished, though the interest is still kept up by the addition of a number of new works in Mr. Glover's best style. We have so often adverted to those already exhibited by this artist, which we now see again with undiminished pleasure, that we are absolved from the necessity of repeating the gratification they gave us; and many of the new works being declared by the artist in an unfinished state, it would not be candid to make them the subject of premature observation. There are, however, a considerable number of the pictures that will be very generally admired for their truth of nature, the correctness of their aërial perspective, and a calm and happy tone of colour, all conspiring to produce the most pleasing effect. Among these we were particularly struck with No. 81. a composition, *Sunset;* with No. 87. *Tivoli, with the Campagna di Roma, St. Peter's in the distance,* which is a charming view of this rich and romantic situation; with No. 61. *the Fair on the Alps, on the road to Mount Cenis,* a picture full of character and lively interest; with No. 5. *Blacklock,* a celebrated racer, the property of Richard Wall, Esq. Bishop-Barton, and many other of Mr. Glover's recent productions, which we recommend to the notice of the public. The artist has much improved during his late tour in Italy. His taste is chastened, and his eye more clear. He appears to have studied nature with more of feeling, than he was wont to do in his earlier productions. His foliage is particularly improved; there is less of dotting in his trees, and not that sameness of character in his compositions, which, in some degree, diminished their value. We are glad to find our artists en-

tering singly into the field, instead of enduring an annual pilgrimage to the shrine of our larger Exhibitions, in which their works are often overlooked in the chaotic mass. There is another advantage too. When an artist has collected together his own works, he is only compared with himself, if we may use the expression; whilst in general Exhibitions, he is too often exposed, and under unfair, as well as unfavourable circumstances, to a direct comparison with others, whose style perhaps he neither admired, nor ever sought to imitate. On the whole, we think Mr. Glover's Exhibition very creditable to his talents.

CHEVALIER ISABEY'S EXHIBITION.

At the close of the last month, the Chevalier Isabey, a distinguished French artist, opened an Exhibition of his works in Pall-Mall. The fine arts being the arts of peace, always flourish in a higher degree of perfection when nations are no longer agitated by contentions, and when the rivalry of arms gives way to the more amiable rivalry of calmer intellectual attainments. An interchange of the works of each nation is the consequence of this state of mutual amity, and the whole social community of every government derives, as it were reciprocally, the advantage of the improvements made in each. Since the peace with France, we have had many importations of the works of the French school, several of which were highly creditable to its artists, and all of them met with a candid, we may indeed add, a generous reception. We have admired the historical pencil of Le Thiere, and our Continental allies have been enraptured with the powers of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Perhaps some of our rising artists caught the value of the manner in which Le Thiere handled some of his details, without deteriorating the feeling that ought to predominate in such a subject; and we know the demand which pressed upon the pencil of Lawrence on the Continent, the homage which was paid to his unrivalled effect, and the noble specimens of nature set off by the incidental air of fashion, with which he furnished the collections of the allied sovereigns. The improvements produced by this interchange of national talent, the amiable feelings that a closer knowledge of each other is calculated to excite among cultivated and intelligent minds, cannot fail to be productive of the most beneficial consequences. Monsieur Isabey, whose works are the subject of this brief article, is an artist long known in the Parisian circles; he was much employed by the Buonaparte family, and has latterly been engaged, somewhat as Sir Thomas Lawrence was, in attending the meetings of Congress in Germany, under the patronage of some of the illustrious personages who were there importantly engaged; and he is the author of those tasteful and elegantly executed portraits of "the Congress of Vienna," which have lately attracted so much

attention. His style resembles that of Cosway, light, elegant, and ornamental; it sparkles to the eye, and rather invites us more by its prettiness than grandeur of effect. Monsieur Isabey has, however, more of effect than we generally find in the works of his countrymen; he has also the same variety, but arranged with more taste, and less of local character; and we have no doubt his works cannot fail to be admired in this country.

Monsieur Isabey has upwards of one hundred works in his gallery. The subjects are miscellaneous; there are a number of miniatures of the Buonaparte family, of the allied sovereigns, and of distinguished military characters both British and Foreign. Several of the works are historical, some architectural, and others landscape sketches, of a very pleasing and agreeable nature.

No. 1. *The Congress of Vienna:* a drawing in sepia.

The period chosen for the picture is that when the ministers are speaking among themselves, after the conference. Twenty-one plenipotentiaries and two secretaries are represented. The most remarkable part of this work is the admirable representation it gives of the distinguished personages who were engaged in the Congress at Vienna; but an artist will easily perceive, that it has other merits well entitled to notice: the drawing of the figures; the air and elegance of some of the attitudes; the happy arrangement of the different objects, which, though composing a crowded room, are yet distributed with so much judgment, that each person seems in his proper place; and to all there is imparted an active interest, which strikingly indicates the necessary attention required by the business in which they are engaged.

No. 2. *Staircase of the Museum at Paris:* in water colour.

The figures in this picture are not portraits. It represents the entrance into the exhibition-room of modern artists. The picture is painted on copper, by M. Isabey, which, he says, gives to the style of painting the effect of ivory, with regard to its finish, and that of oils, with respect to vigour and solidity. It is impossible to admire this picture too much for the uncommon delicacy of its execution, and the brilliant tints of colouring it displays. The light which enters at the window, and sparkles on the marble pillars and floor, is beautiful in the extreme, and equals any thing we have ever seen in a work of art. The figure in the Asiatic costume is full of Oriental richness; the blue mantle round the neck is perhaps coloured a little too hard for the soft and delicate aërial blue which the window admits over it. But the female figure in the green shawl is full of delicacy and elegance; the grace of the shape, the softness of the colouring, the tasteful folds of the dress, produce the most agreeable and natural effect. The artist displays uncommon skill in the entire composition of this picture.

No. 7. *The Parade.*

This picture represents the review of the Guards in the court of the Thuilleries, by Buonaparte when first consul. The time selected is when the cavalry defile under the command of Generals

Lasnes, Bessiere, Cafarelli, and Eugene Beauharnois. The first consul is in the centre, the Thuilleries on the left. There are in this picture a great number of portraits of French generals, in addition to those already named; they are in full uniform, and mounted on horses elegantly caparisoned. The horses are drawn by Charles Vernet. The grouping is excellent, and we believe all the likenesses correct; but the architectural beauties of this picture are beyond all praise. The view of the Thuilleries is full of grandeur, and the perspective inimitable.

Besides the works we have already mentioned, there are a number of portraits and sketches well worthy of observation. Some of the landscapes, though more in the French style than we think agreeable to correct taste, and a true delineation of the effect of nature, are yet entitled to the attention of the amateur of the fine arts, from the peculiar neatness of their execution. On the whole, we think the Exhibition highly creditable to the taste and talent of the Chevalier Isabey, and we trust he will meet that flattering reception here, which was paid him at Vienna, and the other principal cities on the Continent.

LORD GROSVENOR'S GALLERY.

THIS distinguished patron of the fine arts has opened his noble collection of pictures at Grosvenor-House, on stated days, for those who have been presented with tickets. A collection like this, which is enriched by some of the standard works of the old masters, and by many of the finest of the modern school, cannot fail to be appreciated by all the lovers of the fine arts. The periodical exhibitions of such admirable collections as Lord Grosvenor's, in the very few instances in which they are to be found in this country, are well calculated to keep alive that interest which has so lately dawned upon the arts, and direct it to the cultivation of those pursuits, which are so essential to the best interests of society. Were we to enter upon any detail of the merits of Lord Grosvenor's collection, we should have to repeat the praises of the most distinguished artists who have figured in Europe during the last three centuries. An elaborate catalogue of the Grosvenor Collection has just been published by Mr. Young, engraver in mezzotinto to his Majesty, and keeper of the British Institution. The catalogue is embellished with well-finished etchings of all the pictures, and is on the whole a most interesting addition to the records of our fine arts. Mr. Young has been very successful in his etchings from this splendid collection of pictures, and we recommend his work with confidence to the public.

MR. FAWKES'S GALLERY.

MR. WALTER FAWKES has also re-opened his Gallery in Grosvenor-place, but has limited the privilege of admission to his particular friends. When we see so beautiful a collection of drawings only

accessible to the favoured few, we are almost indecorous enough to complain of a man's own right to arrange the economy of his own house as he pleases. The drawings are really so beautiful, and placed with so much taste, that we should like, though perhaps we overlook the inconvenience of such an extension, to have them more generally seen by the lovers of the fine arts.

Some additions have been made by Mr. Fawkes to his collection since we visited the Gallery last year. Mr. Nicholson, and one or two other artists, have enlarged it with their works. Turner's drawings are the prominent attraction. Robson's, Smith's, Atkinson's, Varley's, Hill's, Dewinte's, Prout's, Gilpin's, Heaphy's, Fielding's, and Smith's, though many of them are admirably executed, are seen with comparative disadvantage, after the fine effect of Turner's. We hardly ever remember to have seen so many fine drawings in any single collection. It is most gratifying to find the country gentlemen of England setting the laudable and patriotic example of cultivating the growth of the fine arts, and bringing them within the vortex of the circle of fashion.

FINE ENAMEL-PAINTING.

Mr. Ackermann has just been honoured with a valuable present from the Archduke John of Austria: it is a beautiful enamel-painting, executed by the German artist Nigg; the size about 15 inches by 12. This present derives great value from the rank of the illustrious personage from whom it comes, whose able and persevering efforts to promote the encouragement of the arts and sciences were so remarkable during his stay in England some time ago. As a work of art, this enamel-painting, which represents a fancy subject, is extremely interesting; the design is elegant, and the execution complete; the whole of the dangerous process of laying on and finishing the colours, has been performed without the slightest injury to the surface, which, considering the size of the painting, and that it is executed upon china, adds considerably to the value of the work. The very great chemical improvements in the art of preparing colours, lately made in the celebrated china-manufactory at Vienna, are remarkably apparent in this work. The cobalt blue, which produces without vitrification finer and decidedly more permanent tints than ultramarine, was first discovered at Vienna. In the present enamel-painting, there is another new and interesting application of colouring, which has been attended with eminent success: a fine green and brown of exquisite tint have been produced in the enamel from crome. We have had yellows from it, but the production of the green and brown, and in the manner in which they are displayed in this enamel-painting, cannot fail to reflect the highest credit upon the German artists.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Shortly will be published, *Voyage Pittoresque de Constantinople, et des Rives du Bosphore*, after the designs of M. Melling, painter and architect to the Sultana Hadidgé, sister to Selim III. Published in Paris and London, by Treuttel and Würtz. This work consists of two volumes in atlas folio, of which one contains the descriptive letter-press, and the other the plates, to the number of fifty-two, of the very largest dimensions. The descriptive part of the work has been drawn up by M. Charles Lacretelle (author of the History of France, &c.) to the east and west of the Thebaid, and in Nubia; drawn up from his journal.

Part V. of *Illustrations of Hudibras*, will be speedily produced. It consists of a series of portraits of celebrated political and literary characters, impostors, and enthusiasts, alluded to by Butler in his *Hudibras;* containing Paracelsus, Alexander Ross, Dr. Thomas Goodwin, General Lambert, Thomas White, and Sir William Davenant. It will be completed in ten parts, each part containing six portraits, engraved by Mr. Robert Cooper.

Mr. Barry Cornwall has in the press, in one vol. 8vo. a new poem, in three parts, called *Marcian Colonna;* with dramatic sketches and other poems.

The Retreat, or *Sketches from Nature*, 2 vols. by the author of "Affection's Gift," is in the press.

Mr. John Luccock is preparing for publication, *Notes on Rio de Janeiro and the Southern Parts of Brazil*, taken during a residence of ten years in various parts of that country; describing its agriculture, commerce, and mines; with anecdotes illustrative of the character, manners, and customs of the inhabitants.

A Journey to the Oasis of Thebes, and in the Deserts situated to the East and West of the Thebaid, made during the years 1815, 16, 17, and 18, by Frederick Cailliaud of Nantes. It is published, under the auspices of his Excellency the Minister of the Interior, by M. Jombard, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. To which are added, Researches upon the Oasis, upon the Emerald-Mines, and the ancient commercial Road between the Nile and the Red Sea; with a collection of inscriptions. It is in two volumes large folio, one consisting of text, and the other of fifty engravings; to be published in two parts.

Since the establishment of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, upwards of 2150 patients have been admitted, the greater number of whom have been cured or relieved. At a late meeting of the governors, a vote of thanks was unanimously voted to Mr. Curtis, the surgeon to the institution.

Poetry.

ON THE ATTACK ON ALGIERS.

Lo! the Moslem banners streaming
O'er the deep in proud array;
Lo! the sabres, deadly gleaming,
Glitter in the rising day;
Lo! the glowing Moorish crescent
Frowns contempt on every foe,
And the trumpet's clang incessant
Pierces to the shades below!
High the painim chieftain rearing
His turban'd crest in lofty pride,
With outstretch'd arm his legions cheering,
Scatters terror far and wide.
Well I know thee, Algezira;
Well I know thy dungeon's gloom,
When my fond, my drooping Mira
Thought me buried in the tomb;
Well I know thee, haughty city;
Well I know thy haughtier dey;
Many a captive's mournful ditty
Echoes o'er thy castled bay.
But not in vain shall British thunder
O'er the boundless deep resound;
Soon thy ramparts reft asunder,
Shall tell the slave his chain's unbound.
Phrenzy black, and red-ey'd Slaughter,
Pallid Fear, and blank Despair,
And Confusion, Fury's daughter,
With her snake-entwined hair,
Fann'd by fierce Scilocco's* breezes,
Stalk thy crumbling walls around;
Each heart in Moorish bosom freezes†,
Many a Reis‡ bites the ground.
Tides of crimson carnage gushing,
Swell thy harbour's tainted wave;
Murky Ruin, rudely rushing,
Wildly wields his furious glaive.
Many a dark-ey'd Moorish maiden,
Beauteous as the rising morn,
Oppress'd with grief, with sorrow laden,
Within the haram all forlorn,
Now laments her bleeding lover,
Buried 'neath the countless slain;
Her caftan's rifted folds discover
All her grief, and all her pain.
Bold Pellew, thy well-earn'd glory
Shall, in future ages known,
Ever live in British story,
Grav'd on thy sepulchral stone.
Now the suppliant unbeliever
Doffs his turban, bends his knee,
Lowers his crest, the haughty Reaver,
Albion! lowers his crest to thee.
Comely Commerce o'er the billows
Swells her white impurpled sail;
Rest we safe upon our pillows:
Here we end the glorious tale.

* Scilocco, or sirocco; nome di vente tia levante e mezzodi.—Vide Baretti's *Dictionary*.

† In this line I have ventured to preserve the idiom of the original: " In petto Moresc' ogni cuor congela."

‡ *Reis.*—The corsairs of Algiers form every one a separate kind of republic, of which the Reis, or captain, is the supreme Bashaw.—*Modern Universal History*, vol. vii. p. 212, fol. edit.

TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

By Mrs. M'Mullan.

When Chaos yielded to Creation's plan,
And Eden welcom'd earth's primeval man;
When choral off'rings breathing zephyrs brought,
And echo charm'd unseen, but not unsought,
Each glad perfection did not crown the whole,
Till woman woke to warm the kindred soul.
If even Paradise could only prove
A lonely wilderness, unblest by love,
How dear, how welcome *now* the virtuous wife,
In days so pervious to the ills of life!
And, oh! if struggling on affliction's wave,
What heart can cherish, and what hand can save,
If woman know not that endearing tie,
Which sooths her sadness, and dispels her sigh?
If gaily mingling in the gay career,
Bliss in her smile, and pleasure in her sphere,
Then the best blessing that her stars can lend,
Shine in one gem—the husband and the friend.
Long may that sacred union form your bliss,
And future years confirm the prayer of this!
Accept the verse as kindly as 'twas sung,
Although it says you are no longer *Young**.

* The lady's former name.

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